



T H

Th

T

T H

OUR

Wet mi

med  
A. W.  
C.  
St.

ME  
THEODOSIUS:

O R,

The FORCE of LOVE.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is now ACTED at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

I N

DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN.

---

By MR. LEE.

---

*Minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala.*

TACIT.

---

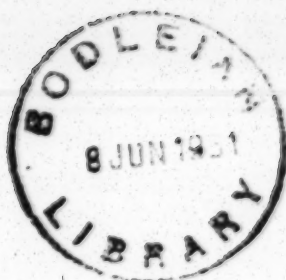
L O N D O N,

Printed for T. LONGMAN, in Pater-noster-row;  
J. WARE, on Ludgate-hill; T. LOWNDES, and  
J. CORBETT, in Fleet-street; and W. NICOLL,  
at St. Paul's Church-yard.

MDCCCLXXIV.

Vet. A5 f. 683(6)

Not from H. J. Ford



Du

T

ous a  
neces  
at m  
keep

TH  
W  
(  
W  
F  
T  
A

For  
brin  
out  
pre  
cou  
all

---

To her GRACE the

Duchefs of *RICHMOND*.

*M A D A M,*

**T**HE Reputation that this PLAY received on the Stage, some few Errors excepted, was more than I could well hope from so censorious an Age, from whom I ask but so much necessary Praise, as will serve once or twice a Year at most, to gain their good Company, and just keep me alive.

*There is not now that Mankind that was then,  
When as the Sun, and Man, did seem to strive  
(Joint-Tenants of the World) who should survive:  
When, if a slow pac'd Star had stol'n away  
From the Observer's marking, he might stay  
Two or Three hundred Years to see't again,  
And then make up his Observation plain.*

Dr. DONN.

For it is impossible in our limited Time (and I bring his Opinion to back my own, who is, without Comparison, the best Writer of the Age) to present our Judges a Poem half so perfect as we could make it. I must acknowledge, *Madam*, with all Humility, I ought to have taken more Time,



and more Pains, in this *Tragedy*, because it is dedicated to your Grace, who, being the best Judge, (and therefore can, when You please, make us tremble) yet with exceeding Mercy have pardoned the Defects of *Theodosius*, and given it Your inimitable Approbation. My Genius, *Madam*, was Your Favourite, when the Poet was unknown; and openly received Your Smiles, before I had the Honour to pay Your Grace the most submissive Gratitude for so illustrious and advantageous a Protection. To let the World, too, know, that you do not think it beneath You to be officiously Good; even from the extremest Heights to discern the lowest Creatures, and give them all the noblest Influence You can; You brought Her Royal Highness just at the exigent Time, whose single Presence, on the Poet's Day, is a Subsistence for him all the Year after. Ah, *Madam*, if all the short-lived Happiness, that miserable Poets can enjoy, consists in Commendation only; nay, if the most Part are content with popular Breath, and even for that are thankful; How shall I express myself to your Grace, who, by a particular Goodness, and innate Sweetness, merely for the Sake of doing well, have thus raised me above myself? To have your Grace's Favour, is, in a word, to have the Applause of the whole Court, who are its noblest Ornament; magnificent and eternal Praise. Something there is in your Mien, so much above that we vulgarly call charming, that, to me, it seems Adorable; and Your Presence almost Divine, whose dazzling and majestic Form is a proper Mansion for the most elevated Soul. And let me tell the World, nay, sighing, speak it to a barbarous Age (I cannot help calling it so, when I think of *Rome* or *Greece*) Your extraordinary Love for

for Heroic Poetry is not the least Argument to shew the Greatness of your Mind, and Fulness of Perfection. To hear You speak with that infinite Sweetness and Chearfulness of Spirit, that is natural to Your Grace, is, methinks, to hear our tutelary Angels: It is to bemoan the present malicious Times, and remember the Golden Age. But, to behold You too, is to make Prophets quite forget their Heaven, and bind the Poets with eternal Rapture.

— Her pure and eloquent Blood  
Spoke in her Checks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say, her Body thought.  
You, for whose Body God made better Clay,  
Or took Souls Stuff, such as shall late decay,  
Or such as need small Change at the last Day.

Dr. DONN.

*Ziphares* and *Semandra* were first Your Grace's Favourites: And, though I ought not, *Madam*, to praise Your Wit by Your Judgment of my Paintings, yet I must say, Such Characters every Dauber cannot draw. It has been observed against me, That I abound in ungoverned Fancy; but, I hope, the World will pardon the Sallies of Youth: Age, Despondence, and Dullness, come too fast of themselves. I discommend no Man for keeping the beaten Road; but I am sure the noble Hunters that follow the Game, must leap Hedges and Ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the Fall of the Quarry. My Comfort is, I cannot be so ridiculous a Creature to any Man, as I am to myself: For who should know the House so well as the Good Man at Home? Who, when his Neighbours come to see him, still sets the best Rooms to view; and, if he be not a wild Ass, keeps the Rub-

tish and Lumber in some dark Hole, whither nobody comes but himself, to mortify at melancholy Hours. But how then, *Madam*, in this unsuitable Condition, how shall I answer the infinite Honours and Obligations Your Grace has laid upon me? Your Grace, who is the most beautiful Idea of Love and Glory; who, to that Divine Composition, have the noblest and best natured Wit in the World. All I can promise, *Madam*, and am able to perform, is, that Your Grace shall never see a Play of mine, that shall give Offence to Modesty and Virtue; and what I humbly offer to the World, shall be of Use at least, and, I hope, deserve Imitation; which is, or ought to be, I am sure, the Design of all *Tragedies* and *Comedies*, both antient and modern. I should presume to promise myself, too, some Success in Things of this Nature, if your Grace (in whom the Charms of Beauty, Wit, and Goodness, seem reconciled) at a leisure Hour would condescend to correct, with your excellent Judgment, the Errors of,

*M A D A M,*

*Your GRACE's most Humble,*

*Most Obedient,*

*and Devoted Servant,*

Nat. Lee.

## P R O L O G U E.

*W*IT long oppress'd, and fill'd at last with Rage,  
 Thus, in a sullen Mood, rebukes the Age :  
 What Loads of Fame do modern Heroes bear,  
 For an inglorious, long, and lazy War !  
 Who for some Skirmish, or a safe Retreat,  
 (Not to be dragg'd to Battle) are call'd Great.  
 But, oh ! what do ambitious Statesmen gain,  
 Who into private Chests all Nations drain ?  
 What Sums of Gold they hoard, is daily known  
 To all Men's Cost, and sometimes to their own.  
 Your Lawyer too, that like an Oies bawls,  
 That drowns the Market Higglers in the Stalls,  
 That seem begot, conceiv'd, and born in Brawls,  
 Yet thrives : He and his Croud get what they please,  
 Swarming all Term-time thro' the Strand like Bees,  
 They buzz at Westminster, and lye for Fees.  
 The Godly, too, their Ways of Getting have ;  
 But none so much as your Fanatic Knaves :  
 Wisely the wealthiest Livings they refuse,  
 Who by the fattest Bishopricks would lose ;  
 Who with short Hair, large Ears, and small blue Band,  
 True Rogues ! their own, not God's Elect, command.  
 Let Pigs, then, be prophane ; but Broths allow'd ;  
 Possets, and Christian Caudles, may be good  
 Meet-helps, to reinforce a Brother's Brood :  
 Therefore each Female Saint be doth advise,  
 With Groans, and Hums, and Ha's, and goggling Eyes,  
 To rub him down, and make the Spirit rise ;  
 While, with his Zeal, transported from the Ground,  
 He mounts, and sanctifies the Sisters round.  
 On Poets only no kind Star e'er smil'd :  
 Curs'd Fate has damn'd 'em, ev'ry Mother's Child :

Therefore he warns his Brothers of the Stage,  
 To write no more for an ungrateful Age.  
 Think what penurious Masters you have serv'd;  
 Tasso ran mad, and noble Spencer starv'd.  
 Turn then, whoe'er thou art, thou canst write well,  
 Thy Ink to Gall, and in Lampoons excel:  
 Forswear all Honesty, traduce the Great,  
 Grow impudent, and rail against the State;  
 Bursting with Spleen, abroad thy Pasquils send,  
 And chuse some Libel-spreader for thy Friend.  
 The Wit and Want of Timon point thy Mind,  
 And for thy Satire subject chuse Mankind.

## E P I L O G U E.

**T**HREE happy they, that never wrote before;  
 How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer Shore!  
 Like some new Captain of the City Bands,  
 That, with big Looks, in Finsbury commands:  
 Swell'd with huge Ale, he cries, Beat, beat the Drum;  
 Pox o' the French King! Uds-bud, let him come:  
 Give me Ten thousand Red Coats, and Alloo!  
 We'll firke his Crequi and his Condé too.  
 Thus the young Scriblers Mankind's Sense disdain;  
 For Ignorance is sure to make 'em vain;  
 But, far from Vanity, or dang'rous Pride,  
 Our cautious Poet courts you to his Side;  
 For why should you be scorn'd to whom are due  
 All the good Days that ever Authors knew?  
 If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine;  
 The Pit and Boxes make the Poet dine,  
 And he scarce drinks but of the Critics Wine.  
 Old Writers should not for Vain-glory strive,  
 But, like old Mistresses, think how to thrive;



Be fond of ev'ry Thing their Keepers say,  
 At least till they can live without a Play;  
 Like one who knows the Trade, and has been bit;  
 She dotes and favours upon her wealthy Cit, }  
 And swears she loves him, merely for his Wit. }  
 Another, more untaught than a Walloon, }  
 Antick and ugly, like an old Baboon, }  
 She swears, is an accomplish'd Beau Garçon : }  
 Turns with all Winds, and sails with all Desires ; }  
 All Hearts in City, Town, and Court, she fires ; }  
 Young callow Lords, lean Knights, and drows'ling 'Squires. }  
 She in resistless Flatt'ry finds her Ends,  
 Gives Thanks for Fools, and makes ye all her Friends.  
 To should-wise Poets sooth an aukward Age;  
 For they are Prostitutes upon the Stage.  
 To stand on Points were foolish and ill-bred,  
 As for a Lady to be nice in Bed:  
 Her Wills alone must their Performance measure,  
 And you may turn 'em ev'ry Way for Pleasure.

# Dramatis Personæ, 1774.

At DRURY-LANE.

|                        |   |                |
|------------------------|---|----------------|
| THEODOSIUS, -          | - | Mr. Brereton.  |
| VARANÈS, -             | - | Mr. Barry.     |
| MARCIAN, -             | - | Mr. Aickin.    |
| LUCIUS, -              | - | Mr.            |
| ATTICUS, Chief Priest, | - | Mr. J. Aickin. |
| LEONTINE, -            | - | Mr. Hurst.     |
| ARANTHES, -            | - | Mr. Davies.    |

## CHORUS.

|              |   |              |
|--------------|---|--------------|
| PULCHERIA, - | - | Miss Sherry. |
| ATHENAIS, -  | - | Mrs. Barry.  |

ATTENDANTS, SINGERS.

The SCENE Constantinople.

---

# THEODOSIUS:

O R,

## The FORCE of LOVE.

---

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*A stately Temple, which represents the Christian Religion, as in its first Magnificence; being but lately established at Rome and Constantinople. The Side-Scenes shew the horrid Tortures, with which the Roman Tyrants persecuted the Church: And the flat Scene, which is the Limit of the Prospect, discovers an Altar richly adorned; before it Constantine, supposed, kneels, with Commanders about him, gazing at a bloody Cross in the Air; which being encompassed with many Angels, offers itself to View, with these Words distinctly written; In hoc Signo vinces. Instruments are heard, and many Attendants: The Ministers at Divine Service walk busily up and down, till Atticus, the chief of all the Priests, and Successor of St. Chrysostom, in rich Robes, comes forward with the Philosopher Leontine; the Waiters in Ranks bowing all the Way before him..*

A CHORUS heard at a Distance.

**P**REPARE, prepare! the Rites begin;

Let none unhallo'd enter in!

The Temple with new Glory shines;

Adorn the Altars, wash the Shrines,

And purge the Place from Sin.

ATTICUS.

## ATTICUS.

O H, *Leontine*! was ever Morn like this,  
 Since the celestial Incarnation dawn'd?  
 I think no Day, since that, such Glory gave  
 To Christian Altars, as this Morning brings.

*Leont.* Great Successor of holy *Chrysostom*,  
 What shall I answer? How shall I approach you,  
 Since my Conversion, which your Breath inspir'd?

*Attic.* To see this Day, the Emperor of the East  
 Leaves all the Pleasures that the Earth can yield,  
 To undergo the Penance of a Cloister;  
 Methinks, O *Leontine*! 'tis something more  
 Than yet Philosophy could ever reach.

*Leont.* True, *Atticus*; you have amaz'd my Reason.

*Attic.* Yet more. To our Religion's lasting Honour,  
*Mariana* and *Flavilla*, Two young Virgins,  
 Imperial born, cast in the fairest Mould  
 That e'er the Hands of Beauty form'd for Woman;  
 To-day, with *Theodosius*, leave the World.

*Leont.* Methinks, at such a glorious Resignation  
 Th' angelic Orders should at once descend,  
 To give full Grace to such triumphant Zeal.

*Attic.* No, *Leontine*: I fear there is a Fault;  
 For, when I last confess'd the Emperor,  
 He only answer'd me with Sighs and Blushes.  
 'Tis sure, his Soul is of the tend'rest Make;  
 Therefore I'll tax him strictly: But, my Friend,  
 Why should I give his Character to you,  
 Who, when his Father sent him into *Persia*,  
 Were by that mighty Monarch then appointed  
 To breed him with his Son, the Prince *Varanes*?

*Leont.* And what will raise your Admiration, is,  
 That Two such different Tempers should agree.  
 You know that *Theodosius* is compos'd  
 Of all the Softness that should make a Woman:  
 Judgment, almost like Fear, foreruns his Actions;

And

And he will poise an Injury so long,  
As if he had rather pardon than revenge it.  
But the young *Persian Prince*, quite opposite,  
So fiery fierce, that those who view him nearly,  
May see his haughty Soul still mounting in his Face:  
Yet did I study these so diff'rent Tempers,  
'Till I at last had form'd a perfect Union,  
As if Two Souls did but inform One Body.  
A Friendship that may challenge all the World,  
And, at the Proof, be matchless!

*Attic.* I long to read  
This gallant Prince, who, as you have inform'd me,  
Comes from his Father's Court to see our Emperor.  
*Leont.* So he intended, 'till he came to *Athens*,  
And at my homely Board beheld my Daughter;  
Where, as Fate order'd, she, who never saw  
The Glories of a Court,  
Unskill'd in Charms, but those which Nature gave her,  
Wounded this scornful Prince: In short, he forc'd me  
To wait him thither, with deep Protestations,  
That Moment that bereft him of the Sight  
Of *Athenais*, gave him certain Death.  
But see, my Daughter, honour'd with his Presence.

*Enter Varanes and Athenais.*

*Vara.* 'Tis strange! O *Athenais*! wondrous all!  
Wondrous the Shrines, and wonderful the Altars!  
The Martyrs, tho' but drawn in painted Flames,  
Amaze me with the Image of their Suff'rings:  
Saints canoniz'd, that dar'd with *Roman Tyrants*:  
Hermits that liv'd in Caves, and fed with Angels:  
By *Orosmades*! it is wond'rous all!  
That bloody Cross, in yonder azure Sky,  
Above the Head of kneeling *Constantine*;  
Inscrib'd about with golden Characters,  
*Thou shalt o'ercome in this*: If it be true,  
Say again, by Heav'n, 'tis wondrous strange.

*Athen.*





*Vara.* I cannot bear

Those Frowns: I have offended, but forgive me.

For who, O *Athenais*, that is toss'd

With such tempestuous Tides of Love as I,

Can steer a steady Course? Retire, my Fair:

[*Recorders flourish.*]

Hark! the Solemnities are now beginning,

And *Theodosius* comes; hide, hide thy Charms.

If to his clouded Eyes such Day should break,

The Royal Youth, who dotes to Death for Love,

I fear, would forfeit all his Vows to Heav'n,

And fix upon the World, thy World of Beauty. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Theodosius leading Marina and Flavilla (all Three dressed in White) followed by Pulcheria.*

*Theo.* Farewell, *Pulcheria*! and, I pray, no more:

For all thy kind Complaints are lost upon me.

Have I not sworn, the World and I must part?

Fate has proclaim'd it: Therefore weep no more;

Wound me not with thy Tears, and I will tell thee,

Yet, ere I take my last Farewel for ever,

The Cause of all my Suff'rings: Oh, my Sister!

A bleeding Heart, the Stings of pointed Love,

What Constitution, soft as mine, can bear?

*Pulch.* My Lord, my Emperor, my dearest Brother,

Why all this while did you conceal it from me?

*Theo.* Because I was ashamed to own my Weakness:

I knew thy sharper Wit, and stricter Wisdom

Would dart Reproofs, which I could not endure.

Draw near, O *Atticus*! and mark me well:

For never yet did my complaining Spirit

Unlade this weighty Secret upon him,

Nor groan a Syllable of her Oppression.

*Attic.* Concealment was a Fault; but speak at large.

Make bare the Wound; and I will pour in Balm.

*Theo.* 'Tis Folly all, and Fondness —— Oh, Remembrance!

Why dost thou open thus my Wound again,

And

18 THEODOSIUS: Or,

And from my Heart call down those warmer Drops  
That make me die with Shame? Hear then, *Pulcheria*!  
Some few preceding Days before I left  
The *Persian* Court, hunting one Morning early,  
I lost myself and all the Company,  
Still wand'ring on, as Fortune would direct me,  
I pass'd a Rivulet, and lighted in  
The sweetest Solitude I ever saw!  
When strait, as if Enchantment had been there,  
Two charming Voices drew me, till I came  
Where divers Arbours overlook'd the River.  
Upon the Oſier Bank Two Women sat,  
Who, when their Song was ended, talked to One,  
Who bathing stood far in the crystal Stream:  
But, oh! what Thought can paint that fair Perfection,  
Or give a Glimpſe of ſuch a naked Glory!  
Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,  
When the green Nymphs firſt kiſs'd her coral Lips,  
All poliſh'd, fair, and waſh'd with orient Beauty,  
Could in my dazzling Fancy match her Brightneſs.

*Attic.* Think where you are.

*Theo.* Oh! Sir, you muſt forgive me.

The chaste enthusiastic form appears,  
As when I ſaw her; yet I ſwear, *Pulcheria*,  
Had cold *Diana* been a Looker on,  
She muſt have prais'd the Virtues of the Virgin:  
From her naked Boſom,  
Down to her Knees, the Nymph was wrapt in Lawn:  
But, oh! for me, for me, that was too much!  
Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,  
So nicely ſhap'd, ſo matchleſs in their Luſtre;  
Such All-Perfection, that I took whole Draughts  
Of killing Love, and ever ſince have languish'd  
With ling'ring Surfeits of her Fatal Beauty!  
Oh, *Atticus*!

Forgive me; for my Story now is done:  
The Nymph was dreſt, and with her Two Companions,  
Having deſcry'd me, ſhriek'd, and fled away,  
Leaving me, motionleſs, till *Leontine*,

Th'

Th' Instructor of my Youth, by chance came in,  
And wak'd me from the Wonder that entranc'd me.

*Attic.* Behold, my Lord, the Man whom you have  
nam'd,

The Harbinger of Prince *Varanes* here.

*Theo.* Oh, *Leontine*! Ten thousand Welcomes meet thee:  
Thou Foster Father of my tender Youth.

Now, by the Majesty divine, that awes  
This sacred Place, I swear you must not kneel:  
And tell me, for I have a Thousand Things  
To ask thee, where, where is my godlike Friend?  
Is he arriv'd, and shall I see his Face,  
Before I'm cloister'd from the World for ever?

*Leont.* He comes my Lord, with all th' expecting Joys  
Of a young promis'd Lover. From his Eyes  
Big Hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms  
Nothing but *Theodosius* still before him;  
His Thought, his ev'ry Word, is *Theodosius*.

*Theo.* Yet, *Leontine*, yet answer me once more:  
With Tremblings I demand thee.  
Say—Hast thou seen? Oh! has that heav'nly Form  
Appear'd to thee again? Behold he's dumb:  
Proceed then to the solemn last Farewell;  
Never was Man so willing and prepar'd.

*Enter Varanes, Arantes, Attendants.*

*Vara.* Where is my Friend? Oh, where is my Belov'd,  
My *Theodosius*? Point him out, ye Gods,  
That I may press him dead betwixt my Arms,  
Devour him thus with over hasty Joys,  
That languish at his Breast, quite out of Breath,  
And cannot utter more.

*Theo.* Thou mightiest Pleasure!  
And greatest Blessing, that kind Heav'n could send,  
To glad my parting Soul! a Thousand Welcomes!  
Oh! when I look on thee, new Starts of Glory  
Spring in my Breast, and with a backward Bound  
I run the Race of lusty Youth again.

*Vara.*



20 THEODOSIUS: Or,

*Vara.* By Heav'n it joys me too, when I remember  
Our Thousand Pastimes when we borrow'd Names;  
*Alcides* I, and thou my dearest *Theseus*;  
When thro' the Woods we chas'd the foaming Boar,  
With Hounds that open'd like *Theffalian* Bulls,  
Like Tigers flu'd, and fanded as the Shore,  
With Ears, and Chests, that dash'd the Morning Dew;  
Driv'n with a Spurt, as Ships are tost in Storms,  
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course:  
Now sweeping o'er the Limit of a Hill;  
Now with a full Career come thund'ring down  
The Precipice, and sweat along the Vale.

*Theo.* Oh glorious Time! and when the gath'ring  
Clouds

Have call'd us Home, say, did we rest, my Brother?  
When on the Stage, to the admiring Court,  
We strove to represent *Alcides'* Fury,  
In all that raging Heat and Pomp of Madness,  
With which the stately *Seneca* adorn'd him:  
So lively drawn, and painted with such Horror,  
That we were forc'd to give it o'er; so loud  
The Virgins shriek'd, so fast they dy'd away.

*Vara.* My *Theodosius* still: 'tis my lov'd Brother;  
And, by the Gods, we'll see those Times again!  
Why then has Rumour wrong'd thee, that reported  
Christian Enthusiasm had charm'd thee from us;  
That, drawn by Priests, and work'd by Melancholy,  
Thou hadst laid the golden Reins of Empire down,  
And sworn thyself a Votary for ever.

*Theo.* 'Tis almost true, and had not you arriv'd,  
The solemn Business had by this been ended.  
This I have made the Empress of the *East*,  
My elder Sister: These with me retire,  
Devoted to the Pow'r whom we adore.

*Vara.* What Pow'ris that, that merits such Oblations?  
I thought the Sun more great and glorious  
Than any that e'er mingled with the Gods;  
Yet, ev'n to him, my Father never offer'd  
More than a Hecatomb of Bulls and Horses.

Now



Now, by those golden Beams that glad the World,  
I swear it is too much; for One of these,  
But half so bright, our God would drive no more;  
He'd leave the darken'd Globe, and in some Cave  
Enjoy such Charms for ever.

*Attic.* My Lord, forbear!

Such Language does not suit with our Devotion:  
Nothing prophane must dare to murmur here,  
Nor stain the hallow'd Beauties of the Place.  
Yet thus far we must yield; the Emperor  
Is not enough prepar'd to leave the World.

*Vara.* Thus low, most rev'rend of this sacred Place,  
I kneel for Pardon, and am half converted,  
By your Permission, that my *Theodosius*  
Return to my Embraces! O, my Brother!  
Why dost thou droop? There will be Time enough  
For Pray'r and Fasting, and religious Vows;  
Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,  
All the Magnificence of *Eastern* Courts.  
I hate to walk a lazy Life away:  
Let's run the Race which Fate has set before us,  
And post to the dark Goal.

*Attic.* Silence and Rev'rence are the Temple's Dues:  
Therefore, while we pursue the sacred Rites,  
Be these observ'd, or quit the awful Place.

*Atticus sings.*

*Attic.* Canst thou, Marina, leave the World,  
The World that is Devotion's Bane:  
Where Crowns are tost, and Sceptres burl'd,  
Where Lust and proud Ambition reign?

Say, Votaries, can this be done?  
While we the Grace divine implore,  
The World has lost, the Battle's won;  
And Sin shall never charm ye more.

*Marina.* } The Gate to Bliss does open stand,  
*sings.* } And all my Penance is in View;

*The*

22 THEODOSIUS: Or,

*The World, upon the other Hand,  
Cries out, Oh, do not bid adieu!*

*If aught that's vain my Thoughts possess,  
Or any Passions govern here,  
But what Divinity may bless;  
Oh, may I never enter there!*

Flavilla } *Haste then, Oh haste! and take us in,  
sings. } For ever lock Religion's Door;  
Secure us from the Charms of Sin,  
And let us see the World no more.*

Atticus } *Hark! hark! behold the heav'nly Choir:  
sings. } They cleave the Air in bright Attire:  
And see, his Lute each Angel brings!  
And, hark, divinely thus he sings!  
To the Powers divine all Glory be given,  
By Men upon Earth, and Angels in Heaven.*

*Scene shuts; and all the Priests, with Marina and  
Flavilla, disappear.*

*Pulch. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!  
Oh! Theodosius, till this cruel Moment,  
I never knew how tenderly I lov'd 'em;  
But on this everlasting Separation,  
Methinks my Soul has left me, and my Time  
Of Dissolution points me to the Grave.*

*Theo. Oh! my Varanes, does not now thy Temper  
Bate something of its Fire? Dost thou not melt  
In mere Compassion of thy Sister's Fate,  
And cool thyself with one relenting Thought?*

*Vara. Yes, my dar'd Soul rolls inward; Melancholy,  
Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me;  
And I begin to loath all human Greatness:  
Oh! sigh not, then, nor thy hard Fate deplore;  
For, 'tis resolv'd, we will be Kings no more:  
We'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be our Guide;  
Love that's more worth than all the World beside.*

Princes

Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam;  
The fetter'd Mind still languishes at Home:  
In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round:  
Bus'ness and Cares eternally abound.

“ And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,  
“ She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns con-  
“ fin'd.”

[*Exeunt.*]

---

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Pulcheria, Julia, Attendants.*

PULCHERIA.

THESE Packets for the Emperor *Honorius*;  
Be swift, let th' Agent haste to *Rome*.—

I hear, my *Julia*, that our General  
Is from the *Goths* return'd with Conquest home.

*Jul.* He is. To-day I saw him in the Presence,  
Sharp to the Courtiers, as he ever was,  
Because they went not with him to the Wars:  
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your Hand.

*Pulch.* He shall, my dearest *Julia*: Oft I've told thee  
The Secret of my Soul: If e'er I marry,  
*Marcian's* my Husband; he's a Man, my *Julia*,  
Whom I've studied long, and found him perfect:  
Old *Rome* at ev'ry Glance looks through his Eyes,  
And kindles the Beholders! Some sharp Atoms  
Run through his Frame, which I could wish were out:  
He sickens at the Softness of the Emp'ror,  
And speaks too freely of our Female Court;  
Then sighs, comparing it with what *Rome* was.

*Enter Marcian and Lucius.*

*Pulch.* Ha! who are these that dare profane this Place  
With more than barb'rous Insolence!

*Marc.*

24 T H E O D O S I U S : Or,

*Marc.* At your Feet,  
Behold, I cast the Scourge of these Offenders,  
And kneel to kiss your Hand.

*Pulch.* Put up your Sword,  
And, e'er I bid you welcome from the Wars,  
Be sure you clear your Honour of this Rudeness;  
Or, *Marcian*, leave the Court.

*Marc.* Thus then, Madam :  
The Emperor receiv'd me with Affection,  
Embrac'd me for my Conquests, and retir'd ;  
When on a sudden all the gilded Flies  
That buz about the Court, came flutt'ring round me :  
This, with affected Cringes, and minc'd Words,  
Begs me to tell my Tale of Victories,  
Which done, he thanks me, slips behind his Fellow,  
Whispers him in the Ear, then smiles and listens,  
While I relate my Story once again :  
A Third comes in, and asks me the same Favour ;  
Whereon they laugh, while I, still ignorant,  
Go on ; but one behind, more impudent,  
Strikes on my Shoulder ; then they laugh'd outright ;  
But then I, guessing the Abuse too late,  
Return'd my Knight behind a Box o' th' Ear ;  
Then drew, and briefly told them they were Rascals.  
They, laughing still, cry'd out, The General's musty ;  
Whereon I drove 'em, Madam, as you saw.  
This is in short the Truth : I leave the Judgment  
To your own Justice : If I have done ill,  
Sentence me, and I'll leave the Court for ever.

*Pulch.* First, you are welcome, *Marcian*, from the Wars ;  
And still, whene'er Occasion calls for Arms,  
Heav'n send the Emperor a General  
Renown'd as *Marcian* ! As to what is past,  
I think the World will rather praise than censure  
*Pulcheria*, when she pardons you the Action.

*Marc.* Gods ! Gods ! and thou great Founder of old  
Rome !  
What is become of all that mighty Spirit,  
That rais'd our Empire to a Pitch so high ?

*Pulch.*



*Pulch.* Speak calmly, *Marcian* —

*Marc.* Who can be temp'rate,  
That thinks as I do, *Madam*? Why, here's a Fellow:  
I have seen him fight against a Troop of *Vandals*  
In your Defence, as if he lov'd to bleed:  
Yet ev'n this Man,

That fought so bravely in his Country's Cause,  
This excellent Man, this Morning, in the Presence,  
Did I see wrong'd, before the Emperor;  
Scorn'd and despis'd, because he could not cringe,  
Nor plant his Feet as some of them could do.

If Things are suffer'd to be thus, down all  
Authority, Pre-eminence, Degree, and Virtue;  
Let *Rome* be never mention'd; no, i' th' Name  
Of all the Gods, be she forgotten ever!  
Effeminate *Persians*, and the *Lydian* Softness,  
Make all your Fights: *Marcian* shall out no more:  
For, by my Arms, it makes a Woman of me,  
And my swol'n Eyes run o'er, to think this Worth,  
This fuller Honour than the whole Court holds,  
Should be ridiculous to Knaves and Fools.

*Pulch.* Why did you not inform the Emperor?

*Marc.* Because he will not hear me. Alas, good Man,  
He flies from this bad World; and still when Wars  
And Dangers come, he runs to his Devotions,  
To your new Thing, I know not what you call it,  
Which *Constantine* began.

*Pulch.* How, *Marcian*! Are not you  
Of that Religion which the Emp'rour owns?

*Marc.* No, *Madam*; if you'll see my naked Thought,  
I am not of their Principle, that take  
A Wrong; so far from bearing with a Foe,  
I would strike first, like old *Rome*. Yes, I own  
That I despise your holy Innovations.  
I'm for the *Roman* Gods, for Fun'ral Piles,  
For mounting Eagles, and the fanfy'd Greatness  
Of our Forefathers. Methinks my heated Spirit  
Could utter Things worth losing of my Head.

*Pulch.* Speak freely, *Marcian*; for I know thee honest.

B

*Marc.*



26 THEODOSIUS: Or,

*Marc.* Oh, Madam! long, long may the Emp'ror live!  
But, I must say, his gentle Disposition  
Suits not, alas! the Oriental Sway.

*Pulch.* I oft have blam'd my Brother most for this,  
That to my Hand he leaves the State-Affairs:  
And how that sounds, you know —

*Marc.* Forgive me, Madam;  
I think that all the Greatness of your Sex,  
*Rome's Clelia*, and the fam'd *Semiramis*,  
With all the *Amazonian* Valour too,  
Meet in *Pulcheria*: Yet, I say, forgive me,  
If with Reluctance I behold a Woman  
Sit at the Empire's Helm, and steer the World.

*Pulch.* I stand rebuk'd —

*Marc.* But, Oh! I speak  
The least of all those infinite Grievances,  
Which make the Subjects murmur: In the Army,  
Tho' I proceeded still like *Hannibal*,  
And punish'd every Mutineer with Death;  
Yet, Oh! it stabb'd me through and through the Soul  
To pass the Wretches Doom, because I knew  
With Justice they complain'd; for hard they fought,  
And with their Blood earn'd that forbidden Bread,  
Which some at Court, and great ones, though un-nam'd,  
Cast to their Hounds, while the poor Soldiers starv'd—

*Pulch.* Your Pity too, in mournful Fellowship,  
No doubt might sooth their Murmurs.

*Marc.* Yes, it did.

That I might put 'em once again in Heart,  
I said 'twas true, the Emp'ror was to blame,  
Who dealt too coldly with his faithful Servants,  
And paid their great Arrears by Second-hand:  
I promis'd too, when we return'd to Court,  
Things should be mended —

But how! Oh Gods! forgive my Blood this Transport!  
To the eternal Shame of Female Counsels!  
And to the Blast of *Theodosius'* Name,  
Whom never warlike Chronicle shall mention!  
Oh, let me speak it with a *Roman* Spirit,  
We were receiv'd like undone Prodigals,

By curst ungrateful Stewards, with cold Looks,  
Who yet got all by those poor Wretches Ruin.  
Madam, I've said perhaps too much : If so,  
It matters not : for he who lies, like me,  
On the hard Ground, is sure to fall no further.

*Pulch.* I've given you patient Hearing, honest *Marcian*,  
And, as far as I can see into your Temper,  
I speak my serious Judgment in cold Blood,  
With strictest Consultation on the Matter ;  
I think, this seeming plain and honest *Marcian*  
An exquisite and most notorious Traitor.

*Marc.* Ha ! Traitor !

*Pulch.* Yes, a most notorious Traitor.

—But to the Bus'ness ;

Was't not enough, Oh Heav'n ! thou know'st too much !

At first to own yourself an Infidel,

A bold Contemner, ev'n to Blasphemy,

Of that Religion which we all profess ;

For which your Heart's best Blood can ne'er suffice ;

But you must dare, with a seditious Army,

Thus to conspire against the Emperor !

I mention not your Impudence to me,

Taxing the Folly of my Government

Ev'n to my Face ; such an Irreverence,

As sure no barb'rous *Vandal* would have urg'd ;

Besides your libelling all the Court, as if

You had engross'd the whole World's Honesty ;

And Flatt'ers, Fools, and Sycophants, and Knaves,

Such was your Language, did inhabit here.

*Marc.* You wrest my honest Meaning, by the Gods !  
You do.

*Pulch.* I thought the Meaning of all rational Men  
Should still be gather'd out of their Discourse :

Nor are you so imprudent, without thinking,

To vent such Words, tho' now you fain would hide it.

You find the Guilt, and balk the Accusation :

But think not you shall 'scape so easily.

Once more I do confront you, as a Traitor ;

And, as I am entrusted with full Pow'r,

28 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Divest you, in the Name of *Theodosius*,  
Of all your Offices, Commissions, Honours;  
Command you leave the Court within three Days,  
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian*.

*Marc.* Gods! Gods!

*Pulch.* If after three Days Space thou'rt found in Court,  
'Thou dy'st; thy Head, thy Head shall pay the Forfeit.  
Now rage, now rail, and curse the Court;  
Saucily dare t'abuse the best of Princes,  
And let thy lawless Tongue lash all it can;  
Do like a Madman rave; deplore thy Fortune,  
While Pages laugh at thee. Then haste to th' Army,  
Grow popular, and lead the Multitude;  
Preach up thy Wrongs, and drive the giddy Beast  
To kick at *Cæsar*. Nay, if thou weep'st, I'm gone.  
On, *Julia*! if I stay, I shall weep too.

Yet 'tis but just, that I the Heart should see  
Of him who once must lord it over me.

[Exit Pulch. &c.]

*Luc.* Why do you droop, Sir—Come, no more o'this!  
You are, and shall be, still our General;  
Say but the Word, I'll fill the *Hippodrome*  
With Squadrons that shall make the Emp'r's tremble;  
We'll fire the Court about his Ears,  
Methinks, like *Junius Brutus*, I have watch'd  
An Opportunity, and now it comes:  
Few Words and I are Friends; but, noble *Marcian*,  
If yet thou art not more than General,  
Ere Dead of Night, say *Lucius* is a Coward.

*Marc.* I charge thee, in the Name of all the Gods,  
Come back: I charge thee by the Name of Friend.  
All's well, and I rejoice I am no Gen'ral.  
But hush; within three Days we must be gone:  
And then, my Friend, farewell to Ceremony.  
We'll fly to some far distant lonely Village,  
Forget our former State, and breed with Slaves:  
Sweat in the Eye of Day, and when Night comes,  
With Bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant Souls,  
Sleep like the labour'd Hinds, and never think!  
For if I think again, I shall go mad.

Enter

*The Force of Love.*

29

*Enter Leontine and Athenais, &c.*

Therefore no Thought. But see, we're interrupted.  
Oh Court! Oh Emperor! yet let Death threaten,  
I'll find a Time. Till then, be still my Soul. [*Exeunt.*

*Leont.* So, *Athenais*, now our Compliment  
To the young *Persian* Prince is at an End:  
What then remains, but that we take our Leave,  
And bid him everlastingly farewell?

*Athen.* my Lord!

*Leon.* I say that Decency requires  
We should be gone; nor, can you stay with Honour.

*Athen.* Most true, My Lord.

*Leont.* The Court is now at Peace,  
The Emp'r's Sisters are retir'd for ever,  
And he himself compos'd: What hinders, then,  
But that we bid adieu to Prince *Varanes*?

*Athen.* Ah, Sir, why will you break my Heart?

*Leont.* I would not.

Thou art the only Comfort of my Age:  
Like an old Tree I stand amongst the Storms;  
Thou art the only Limb that I have left me; [*She kneels.*  
My dear green Branch! And how I prize thee, Child,  
Heav'n only knows! Why dost thou kneel and weep?

*Athen.* Because you are so good, and will, I hope,  
Forgive my Fault, who first occasion'd it.

*Leont.* I charg'd thee to receive and hear the Prince.

*Athen.* You did, and, O my Lord! I heard too much;  
Too much, I fear, for my eternal Quiet.

*Leont.* Rise, *Athenais*! credit him who bears  
More Years than thou: *Varanes* has deceiv'd thee.

*Athen.* How do we differ then? You judge the Prince  
Impious and base; while I take Heav'n to witness,  
I think him the most virtuous of Men:

Therefore take Heed, my Lord, how you accuse him  
Before you make the Trial. Alas! *Varanes*,  
If thou art false, there's no such Thing on Earth  
As solid Goodness, or substantial Honour.

B 3

A thou-

*Enter*



30 THEODOSIUS: Or,

A thousand Times, my Lord, he has sworn to give me  
(And I believe his Oaths) his Crown and Empire,  
'That Day I make him Master of my Heart.

*Leont.* That Day he'll make thee Mistress of his Power,  
Which carries a foul Name among the Vulgar.

No, *Athenais*, let me see thee dead,  
Borne a pale Corpse, and gently laid in Earth;  
So I may say, she's chaste and dy'd a Virgin,  
Rather than view thee with these wounded Eyes  
Seated upon the Throne of *Isdigerdes*,

The Blait of common Tongues, the Nobles Scorn,  
The Father's Curse; that is, the Prince's Whore.

*Athen.* Oh horrid Supposition! how I detest it!  
Be witness Heav'n, that sees my secret Thoughts!

No, *Athenais*! when the Day beholds thee  
So scandalously rais'd, Pride cast thee down,  
The Scorn of Honour and the People's Prey!  
No, cruel *Leontine*, not to redeem

That aged Head from the descending Ax,  
Not tho' I saw thy trembling Body rack'd,  
Thy Winkles all about thee fill'd with Blood,  
Would I for Empire, to the Man I love,  
Be made the Object of unlawful Pleasure.

*Leont.* Oh, greatly said! And by the Blood which  
warms me,

Which runs as rich as any *Athens* holds,  
It would improve the Virtue of the World,  
If ev'ry Day a thousand Votaries,  
And thousand Virgins, came from far to hear thee!

*Athen.* Look down, ye Pow'rs; take Notice, we obey  
The rigid Principles ye have infus'd;  
Yet, Oh, my noble Father, to convince you,  
Since you will have it so, propose a Marriage:  
Tho' with the Thought I'm cover'd o'er with Blushes  
Not that I doubt the Prince; that were to doubt  
The Heav'ns themselves. I know he is all Truth:  
But Modesty——

The Virgin's troublesome and constant Guest,  
That, that alone forbids——

*Leont.*



*The Force of Love.*

31

*Leont.* I wish to Heav'n

There prove no greater Bar to my Relief.

Behold the Prince. I will retire awhile,

And, when Occasion calls, come to thy Aid. [*Ex. Leont.*]

*Enter Varanes and Arantes.*

*Vara.* To fix her on the Throne, to me seems little.

Were I a God, yet would I raise her higher;

This is the Nature of thy Prince. But Oh!

As to the World, thy Judgment soars above me,

And I am dar'd, with this Gigantic Honour;

Glory forbids her Prospect to a Crown;

Nor must she gaze that Way: My haughty Soul,

That Day when she ascends the Throne of *Cyrus*,

Will leave my Body pale, and to the Stars

Retire in Blushes, and quite lost for ever.

*Aran.* What do you purpose then?

*Vara.* I know not what;

But, see, she comes, the Glory of my Arms,

The only Bus'ness of my instant Thought,

My Soul's best Joy, and all my true Repose.

I swear I cannot bear these strange Desires,

These strong Impulses, which will shortly leave me

Dead at thy Feet ———

*Athen.* What have you found, my Lord,

In me so harsh or cruel, that you fear

To speak your Grievs?

*Vara.* First let me kneel and swear,

And on thy Hand seal my religious Vow;

Straight let the Breath of Gods blow me from Earth,

Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,

If I prefer thee not, O *Athenais*,

To all the *Persian* Greatness!

*Athen.* I believe you:

For I have heard you swear as much before.

*Vara.* Hast thou? Oh, why then did I swear again?

But that my Love knew nothing worthier of thee,

And could no better Way express my Passion.

B 4

*Athen.*

32 THEODOSIUS: Or,

*Athen.* O rise, my Lord ———

*Vara.* I will do every Thing  
Which *Athenais* bids: If there be more  
In Nature to convince thee of my Love,  
Whisper it, Oh some God, into my Ear;  
And on her Breast thus to her list'ning Soul  
I'll breathe the Inspiration. Wilt thou not speak?  
What! but one Sigh, no more! can that suffice  
For all my vast Expence of prodigal Love?

*Athen.* My Lord, I dare not hear you.

*Vara.* Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not  
know?

'Tis an Imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;  
Yet as 'tis ravishing, 'tis full of Honour.

*Athen.* I must not doubt you, Sir: But, Oh, I tremble,  
'To think, if *Isdigerdes* should behold you,  
Should hear you thus protesting to a Maid  
Of no Degree, but Virtue, in the World ———

*Vara.* No more of this, no more; for I disdain  
All Pomp, when thou art by: Far be the Noise  
Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls  
Our kinder Stars have steer'd another Way!  
Free as the Forest-Birds we'll pair together,  
Without rememb'ring who our Fathers were;  
Fly to the Arbours, Grots, and flow'ry Meads,  
And in soft Murmurs, interchange our Souls;  
'Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,  
Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields;  
And, when the golden Ev'ning calls us Home,  
Wing to our downy Nest, and sleep till Morn.

*Athen.* Ah Prince! no more, Forbear, forbear, to  
charm me,

Since I am doom'd to leave you, Sir, for ever.

*Vara.* Hold, *Athenais* ———

*Athen.* I know your royal Temper,  
And that high Honour reigns within your Breast,  
Which would disdain to waste so many Hours  
With one of humble Blood compar'd to you;  
Unless strong Passion sway'd your Thoughts to love her.  
Therefore

Therefore receive, O Prince! and take it kindly,  
For none on Earth but you could win it from me,  
Receive the Gift of my eternal Love;  
'Tis all I can bestow, nor is it little;  
For sure a Heart so coldly chaste as mine,  
No Charms but yours, my Lord, could e'er have warm'd!

*Vara.* Well have you made Amends, by this last Com-  
fort,

For the cold Dart you shot at me before.  
For this last Goodness, Oh, my *Athenais*!  
(For now methinks, I ought to call you Mine!)  
I empty all my Soul in Thanks before you:  
Yet oh! one Fear remains; like Death it chills me;  
Why my relenting Love did talk of parting!

*Athen.* Look there, and cease your Wonder: I have  
sworn

To obey my Father; and he calls me hence —

*Enter Leontine.*

*Vara.* Ha, *Leontine*! by which of all my Actions  
Have I so deeply injur'd thee, to merit  
The smartest Wound Revenge could form to end me?

*Leont.* Answer me now, O Prince! for Virtue  
prompts me,

And Honesty will dally now no longer.  
What can the End of all this Passion be?  
Glory requires this strict Account, and asks  
What you intend at last to *Athenais*?

*Vara.* How, *Leontine*!

*Leont.* You saw her, Sir, at *Athens*; said you lov'd her.  
I charg'd her humbly to receive the Honour,  
And hear your Passion. Has she not, Sir, obey'd me?

*Vara.* She has, I thank the Gods; but whither  
would'st thou?

*Leont.* Having resolv'd to visit *Theocritus*,  
You swore you would not go without my Daughter;  
Whereon I gave Command that she should follow.

B 5

*Vara.*

34 *T H E O D O S I U S: Or,*

*Vara.* Yes, *Leontine*, my old Remembrancer,  
Most learn'd of all Philosophers, you did.

*Leont.* Thus long she has attended; you have seen her,  
Sounded her Virtues, and her Imperfections;  
Therefore, dread Sir, forgive this bolder Charge  
Which Honour sounds; and now let me demand you—

*Vara.* Now help, *Aranthes*, or I'm dash'd for ever.

*Aran.* Whatever happens, Sir, disdain the Marriage.

*Leont.* Can your high Thoughts so far forget themselves,  
T'admit this humble Virgin for your Bride?

*Vara.* Ha!

*Athen.* He blushes, Gods! and stammers at the Question.

*Leont.* Why do you walk, and chafe yourself, my Lord?  
The business is not much.

*Vara.* How, *Leontine*!

Not much! I know that she deserves a Crown;  
Yet 'tis to Reason much, tho' not to Love.  
And sure the World would blush to see the Daughter  
Of a Philosopher upon the Throne of *Cyrus*.

*Athen.* Undone for ever!

*Leon.* Is this your Answer, Sir?

*Vara.* Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to  
The very Brink of Glory? Where, alas!  
I look, and tremble at the vast Descent:  
Yet even there, to the vast Bottom, down  
My rash Adventurer Love would have me leap,  
And grasp my *Athenais* with my Ruin.

*Leont.* 'Tis well, my Lord——

*Vara.* Why dost thou then provoke me?  
I thought that *Persia's* Court had Store of Honour  
To satisfy the Height of thy Ambition.  
Besides, old Man, my Love is too well grown,  
To want a Tutor for his good Behaviour:  
What he will do him, he will do of himself,  
And not be taught by you——

*Leont.* I know he will not;  
Fond Tears, away! I know, I know he will not;  
But he would buy, with his old Man's Preferment,  
My Daughter for your Whore.

*Vara.*

*Vara.* Away, I say! my Soul disdains the Motion;

*Leont.* The Motion of a Marriage; yes, I see it:  
Your angry Looks, and haughty Words, betray it:  
I found it at the first. I thank you, Sir,  
You have at last rewarded your old Tutor  
For all his Cares, his Watchings, Services.  
Yet, let me tell you, Sir, this humble Maid,  
This Daughter of a poor Philosopher,  
Shall, if she please, be seated on a Throne  
As high as that of the immortal *Cyrus*.

*Vara.* I think that Age, and deep Philosophy,  
Have crack'd thy Brain: Farewell, old *Leontine*;  
Retire to Rest; and when this brawling Humour  
Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my *Athenais*,  
And clear the Accounts of Love, which thou hast blot-  
ted.

[*Exit.*

*Leont.* Old *Leontine*! perhaps I'm mad indeed.  
But hold, my Heart, and let that solid Virtue,  
Which I so long ador'd, still keep the Reins.  
O *Athenais*! But I will not chide thee:  
Fate is in all our Actions; and methinks,  
At least a Father judges so, it has  
Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy Easiness:  
There is a Kind of mournful Eloquence  
In thy dumb Grief, which shames all clam'rous Sorrow.

*Athen.* Is there, O speak, a Possibility  
To be forgiv'n?

*Leont.* Thy Father does forgive thee,  
And Honour will; but on this hard Condition,  
Never to see him more——

*Athen.* See him! Oh Heavens!

*Leont.* Unless it be, my Daughter, to upbraid him:  
Not tho' he should repent, and strait return,  
Nay, proffer thee his Crown——No more of that.  
Honour too cries, revenge, revenge thy Wrongs,  
Revenge thyself, revenge thy injur'd Father.  
For 'tis Revenge so wise, so glorious too,  
As all the World shall praise——

*Athen.* Oh, give me Leave;



36 THEODOSIUS: Or,

For yet I am all Tendernefs: The Woman,  
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward Woman,  
Dares not look forth; but runs about my Breast,  
And vifits all the warmer Mansions there,  
Where ſhe ſo oft has harbour'd falſe *Varanes*!  
Cruel *Varanes*! falſe, forſworn *Varanes*!

*Leont.* Is this forgetting him? Is this the Courſe  
Which Honour bids thee take?

*Athen.* Ah, Sir, allow

A little Time for Love to make his Way:  
Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,  
And many Tears, and Thouſand Oaths it coſt him.  
And Oh! I find he will not be diſlodg'd  
Without a Groan at parting hence for ever.  
No, no! he vows he will not yet be rais'd  
Without whole Floods of Grief at his Farewell,  
Which thus I ſacrifice: And, Oh! I ſwear,  
Had he prov'd true, I would as eaſily  
Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to ſerve him,  
As now I ſhed theſe Drops, or vent theſe Sighs,  
'To ſhew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

*Leont.* No Woman, ſure, but thou, ſo low in Fortune,  
Therefore the nobler is thy fair Example,  
Would thus have griev'd, becauſe a Prince ador'd her;  
Nor will it be believ'd in After-times,  
That there was ever ſuch a Maid in being:  
Yet do I ſtill adviſe, preſerve thy Virtue;  
And ſince he does diſdain thee for his Bride,  
Scorn thou to be ———

*Athen.* Hold, Sir, Oh! hold, forbear;  
For my nice Soul abhors the very Sound:  
Yet with the Shame of that, and the Deſire  
Of an immortal Name, I am inspir'd!  
All kinder Thoughts are fled for ever from me;  
All Tendernefs, as if I ne'er had lov'd,  
Has left my Boſom colder than the Grave.

*Leont.* Oh, *Athenais*! on; 'tis bright before thee,  
Purſue the Track, and thou ſhalt be a Star.

*Athen.* Oh, *Leontine*, I ſwear, my noble Father,

That

That I will starve e'er once forego my Virtue:  
And thus let's join to contradict the World:  
That Empire could not tempt a poor old Man  
To sell his Prince the Honour of his Daughter:  
And she too match'd the Spirit of her Father;  
Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,  
She for her Fame refus'd a Royal Bed;  
Who, tho' she lov'd, yet did put off the Hour,  
Nor could her Virtue be betray'd by Pow'r.  
" Patterns like these will guilty Courts improve,  
" And teach the Fair to blush at conscious Love.

---

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Varanes and Arantes.*

VARANES.

C O M E to my Arms, my faithful, dear *Arantes*,  
Soft Counsellor, Companion of my Youth;  
If I had longer been alone, most sure,  
With the Distraction that surrounds my Heart,  
My Hand would have rebell'd against his Master,  
And done a Murder here.

*Aranth.* The Cause, my Lord?

*Vara.* Early thou know'st last Night I went to Rest:  
But long, my Friend, ere Slumber clos'd my Eyes,  
Long was the Combat fought 'twixt Love and Glory;  
The Fever of my Passion burnt me up;  
My Pangs grew stronger, and my Rack was doubled;  
Therefore I charge thee, haste to her Apartment;  
I do conjure thee, tell her, tell her all  
My Fears can urge, or Fondness can invent.  
Tell her how I repent, say any Thing;  
For any Thing I'll do to quench my Fires;  
Say, I will marry her now on the Instant:

Say

38 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Say all that I would say; yet in the End  
My Love shall make it more than Gods can utter.

*Aranth.* My Lord, both *Leontine* and she are gone  
From their Apartment —————

*Vara.* Ha! gone, say'st thou! whither?

*Aranth.* That was my whole Employment all this  
Day.

But, Sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left  
No Track behind for Care to find 'em out:  
Nor, is it possible —————

*Vara.* It is, it shall;

I'll struggle with Impossibilities  
To find my *Athenais*: Not the Walls  
Of *Athens*, nor of *Thebes*, shall hide her from me.  
I'll bring the Force of all my Father's Arms,  
And lay 'em waste, but I'll redeem my Love.  
Oh, *Leontine*! morose old *Leontine*!

Thou mere Philosopher! Oh, cruel Sage,  
Who, for One hasty Word, One chol'ric Doubt,  
Hast turn'd the Scale: Though in the sacred Balance  
My Life, my Glory, and my Empire hung!

*Aranth.* Most sure, my Lord, they are retir'd to *Athens*.  
I will fend Post To-night ———

*Vara.* No, no, *Aranthes*:

Prepare my Chariots; for I'll go in Person.  
I swear, till now, till I began to fear  
Some other might enjoy my *Athenais*,  
I swear I did not know how much I lov'd her.  
But let's away: I'll to the Emperor;  
Thou to the hasty Management of my Bus'ness:  
Prepare; To-day I'll go, To-day I'll find her:  
No more; I'll take my Leave of *Theodosius*,  
And meet thee on the *Hippodrome*. Away:  
Let the wild Hurry of thy Master's Love  
Make quick thy Apprehension: Haste, and leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Pulcheria, Atticus, Leontine ; Votaries leading Athenais in Procession, after her Baptism, to be Confirmed.*

*Athen.* Oh, Princess! Oh most worthy of the World,  
That is submitted by its Emperor [Kneels.  
To your most wise and providential Sway!  
What *Greek* or *Roman* Eloquence can paint  
The Rapture and Devotion of my Soul!  
I am adopted yours; you are my Goddess,  
That have new-form'd, new-moulded my Conceptions,  
And by the Platform of a Work divine,  
New-fram'd, new-built me to your own Desires:  
Thrown all the Lumber of my Passions out,  
And made my Heart a Mansion of Perfection!

*Pulch.* Rise, *Eudofia*,  
And let me fold my Christian in my Arms:  
With this dear Pledge of an eternal Love,  
I seal thee, O *Eudofia*! mine for ever,  
Accept, blest Charge, the Vows of my Affection:  
For, by the sacred Friendship that I give thee,  
I think that Heav'n by Miracle did send thee,  
To ease my Cares, to help me in my Counsels,  
To be my Sister, Partner in my Bed:  
And equally, thro' the whole Course of Life,  
To be the better Part of thy *Pulcheria*,  
And share my Griefs and Joys.

*Athen.* No, Madam, no;  
Excuse the Cares that this sad Wretch must bring you:  
Or, if I must partake your royal Secrets,  
Let it be far from Cities, far from Courts,  
Where I may fly all human Conversation;  
Where I may never see, nor hear,  
Nor think, O Heav'n! if possible,  
Of Mankind more.

*Pulch.* What now! in Tears, *Eudofia*?

*Athen.* Far from the Guilt of Palaces, O send me!

Drive

40 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Drive me, O drive me from the Traitor Man!  
 So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell  
 In Lions Haunts, or in some Tiger's Den;  
 Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,  
 That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean;  
 Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb,  
 Where, starving on my cold and flinty Bed,  
 I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,  
 See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep;  
 Yet not e'en there, in that vast Whirl of Death,  
 Can there be found so terrible a Ruin,  
 As Man, false Man, smiling, destructive Man.

*Pulch.* Then thou hast lov'd, *Eudofia*. O, my Sister!  
 Still nearer to my Heart, so much the dearer:  
 Because our Fates are like, and, Hand in Hand,  
 Our Fortunes lead us thro' the Maze of Life:  
 I'm glad that thou hast lov'd; nay, lov'd with Danger;  
 Since thou hast escap'd the Ruin —

*Athen.* Yes, Madam, I confess that Love has charm'd  
 me,  
 But never shall again. No, I renounce him;  
 Inspire me all the Wrongs of abus'd Women,  
 All you that have been cozen'd by false Men;  
 See what a strict Example I will make:  
 But for the Perjuries of one I will revenge ye  
 For all that's past, that's present, and to come.

*Pulch.* Oh, thou far more than the most masculine  
 Virtue!

Let me again  
 Protest my Admiration, and my Love;  
 Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,  
 While such clear Virtue shines within our Circle,  
 Vice shall no more appear within the Palace,  
 But hide her dazzled Eyes, and this be call'd  
 'The holy Court: But, lo! the Emp'ror comes.

*Enter Theodosius and Attendants.*

*Theod.* If yet, alas! I might but hope to see her;  
 But



But, O forgive me, Heav'n, this wilder Start,  
That thus would reach Impossibility :  
No, no, I never must behold her more ;  
As well my *Atticus* might raise the Dead,  
As *Leontine* should charm that Form in View.

*Pulch.* My Lord, I come to give your Grief a Cure,  
With purer Flames to draw that cruel Fire  
That tortur'd you so long — Behold this Virgin —  
The Daughter of your Tutor *Leontine*,  
She is your Sitter's Charge, and made a Christian ;  
And *Athenais* is *Eudofia* now.

Be sure a fairer never grac'd Religion,  
And for her Virtue she transcends Example.

*Theod.* O all ye blest Above, how can this be ?  
Am I awake ? Or is this possible ? [ *Athen. kneels.*

*Pulch.* She kneels, my Lord : Will not you go and  
raise her ?

*Theod.* Nay, do thou raise her ; for I'm rooted here :  
Yet if laborious Love and Melancholy  
Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,  
It must be she, that naked dazzling Sweetness !  
The very Figure of the Morning Star,  
That, dropping Pearls, and shedding dewy Beams,  
Fled from the greedy Waves when I approach'd ;  
Answer me, *Leontine* ; am I distracted ?  
Or is this true ? —

*Leont.* 'Tis true, my Lord ; this is my Daughter,  
Whom I conceal'd in *Persia* from all Eyes  
But yours, when Chance directed you that Way.

*Theod.* He says 'tis true : Why then this heartless  
Carriage ?

Oh, were I Proof against the Darts of Love,  
And cold to Beauty as the Marble Lover  
That lies, without a Thought, upon his Tomb ;  
Would not this glorious Dawn of Life run thro' me,  
And waken Death itself ? Why am I slow, then ?  
What hinders now, but that, in Spite of Rules,  
I burst thro' all the Bands of Death that hold me,

[ *He kneels.*  
And

42 THEODOSIUS: Or,

And fly with such a Haste to that Appearance,  
As bury'd Saints shall make at the last Summons?

*Athen.* The Emp'ror at my Feet! O, Sir! forgive me;  
Drown me not thus with everlasting Shame.  
Both Heav'n and Earth must blush at such a View.  
Nor can I bear it longer——

*Leon.* My Lord, she is unworthy——

*Theod.* Ha! what say'st thou, *Leontine*!  
Unworthy, say'st thou! Wert thou not her Father,  
I swear I would revenge—But haste, and tell me;  
For Love like mine will bear no second Thought;  
Can all the Honours of the Orient,  
Thus sacrific'd with the most pure Affection,  
With spotless Thoughts, and languishing Desires,  
Obtain, O *Leontine*! (the Crown at last)  
To thee I speak, thy Daughter to my Bride?

*Leon.* My Lord, the Honour bears such Estimation,  
It calls the Blood into my aged Cheeks,  
And quite o'erwhelms my Daughter with Confusion;  
Who, with her Body prostrate on the Earth,  
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd Glory.

*Theod.* Let me embrace and thank thee, O kind  
Heaven!

O, *Atticus*! *Pulcheria*! O, my Father!  
Was ever Change like mine? Run thro' the Streets;  
Run, and, loud as Fame can speak,  
With Trumpet Sounds proclaim your Emp'ror's Joy.

*Athen.* Alas, my Lord, consider my Extraction,  
With all my other Wants——

*Theod.* Peace, Empress, Peace!  
No more the Daughter of old *Leontine*;  
A Christian now, and Partner of the East.

*Athen.* My Father has dispos'd me, you command me;  
What can I answer then, but my Obedience?

*Theod.* Attend her, dear *Pulcheria*; and, O tell her,  
To-morrow, if she please, I will be happy. [*Ex. Pulch.*]  
O why so long should I my Joys delay?  
Time imp thy Wings, let not thy Minutes stay,  
But to a Moment change the tedious Day.

*Enter*

*Enter Varanes and Aranthes.*

*Vara.* O, *Theodosius*!

*Theod.* Ha! my Brother here!

Why dost thou come to make my Bliss run o'er?

—— O, my *Varanes*!

Thou that of late didst seem to walk on Clouds,  
Now give a Loose, let go the slacken'd Reins,  
Let us drive down the Precipice of Joy,  
As if that all the Winds of Heav'n were for us.

*Vara.* My Lord, I'm glad to find the Gale is turn'd;  
And give you Joy of this auspicious Fortune.  
Plough on your Way, with all your Streamers out;  
With all your glorious Flags and Streamers ride  
Triumphant on — And leave me to the Waves,  
The Sands, the Winds, the Rocks, the sure Destruction,  
And ready Gulphs that gape to swallow me.

*Theod.* It was thy Hand that drew me from the Grave,  
Who had been dead by this Time to Ambition,  
To Crowns, to Titles, and my slighted Greatness.  
But still, as if each Work of thine deserv'd  
The Smile of Heav'n — Thy *Theodosius* met  
With something dearer than his Diadem,  
With all that's worth a Wish, that's worth a Life;  
I met with that which made me leave the World.

*Vara.* And I, O Turn of Chance! O cursed Fortune!  
Have lost at once all that could make me happy.  
O ye too partial Pow'rs! But now no more:  
The Gods, my dear, my most-lov'd *Theodosius*,  
Double all those Joys, that thou hast met, upon thee!  
For sure thou art most worthy.

And O, methinks my Soul is strangely mov'd,  
Takes it the more unkindly of her Stars,  
That thou and I cannot be blest together:  
For I must leave thee, Friend! this Night must leave  
thee,

To go in doubtful Search of what, perhaps,  
I ne'er shall find; if so my cruel Fate

Has

44 *T H E O D O S I U S: Or,*

Has order'd it: Why then farewell for ever;  
For I shall never, never see thee more.

*Theod.* How sensible my tender Soul is grown  
Of what you utter! O, my gallant Friend!  
O Brother! O *Varanes!* do not judge  
By what I speak, for Sighs will interrupt me:  
Judge by my Tears, judge by these strict Embraces,  
And by my last Resolve: Tho' I have met  
With what in Silence I so long ador'd;  
Tho' in the Rapture of protesting Joys,  
I had set down To-morrow for my Nuptials;  
Yet, my *Varanes*, I will rob my Soul  
Of all her Health, of my Imperial Bride,  
And wander with thee in the Search of that  
On which thy Life depends —

*Vara.* If this I suffer,  
Conclude me then begotten of a Hind,  
And bred in Wilds: No, *Theodosius*, no;  
I charge thee by our Friendship, and conjure thee,  
By all the Gods, to mention this no more.  
Perhaps, dear Friend, I shall be sooner here  
Than you expect, or I myself imagine:  
What most I grieve is, that I cannot wait  
To see your Nuptials: Yet my Soul is with you,  
And all my Adorations to your Bride.

*Theod.* What, my *Varanes!* will you be so cruel  
As not to see my Bride before you go?  
Or are you angry at your Rival's Charms,  
Who has already ravish'd Half my Heart,  
That once was all your own?

*Vara.* You know I am disorder'd!  
My Melancholy will not suit her blest Condition.

[Exit Theod.]

And the Gods know, since thou, my *Athenais*,  
Art fled from these sick Eyes, all other Women  
To my pall'd Soul seem'd like the Ghost of Beauty,  
And haunt my Mem'ry with the Loss of thee.

Enter



*Enter Athenais, Theodosius leading her.*

*Theod.* Behold, my Lord, th' Occasion of my Joy.

*Vara.* O, ye immortal Gods! *Aranthes!* O!

Look there, and wonder: Ha! is't possible?

*Athen.* My Lord, the Emp'ror says you are his Friend,  
He charges me to use my Interest,  
And beg of you to stay, at least so long  
As our Espousals will be solemnizing;  
I told him I was honour'd once to know you;  
But that so slightly, as I could not warrant  
The Grant of any Thing that I should ask you —

*Vara.* O, Heaven and Earth! O, *Athenais!* why,  
Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the World,  
Thou know'st it should be thine —

*Athen.* I know not that —

But yet, to make sure Work, One Half of it  
Is mine already, Sir, without your giving.  
My Lord, the Prince is obstinate, his Glory  
Scorns to be mov'd by the weak Breath of Woman:  
He is all Hero, bent for higher Game,  
Therefore 'tis noble, Sir, to let him go:  
If not for him, my Lord, yet for myself,  
I must intreat the Favour to retire. [*Ex. Athen. &c.*

*Vara.* Death and Despair! Confusion! Hell and Furies!

*Theod.* What should this mean? I fear the Consequence;  
For 'tis too plain they know each other well.

*Vara.* Undone, *Aranthes!* lost, undone for ever!  
I see my Doom, I read it with broad Eyes,  
As plain as if I saw the Book of Fate:  
Yet I will muster all my Spirits up,  
Digest my Grievs, swallow the rising Passions;  
Yes, I will stand the Shock of all the Gods  
Well as I can, and struggle for my Life.

*Theod.* You muse my Lord; and if you'll give me Leave  
To judge your Thoughts, they seem employ'd at present  
About my Bride. [tience.

*Vara.* His Bride! O Gods, give me a Moment's Pa-  
I must confess, the Sight of *Athenais*,

Where



46 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Where I so little did expect to see her,  
So grac'd, and so adorn'd, did raise my Wonder:  
But what exceeds all Admiration, is,  
'That you should talk of making her your Bride;  
'Tis such a blind Effect of monstrous Fortune,  
That tho' I well remember you affirm'd it,  
I cannot yet believe ———

*Theod.* Then now believe me:  
By all the Pow'rs Divine I will espouse her.

*Vara.* Ha! I shall leap the Bounds. Come, come,  
my Lord,

By all these Pow'rs you nam'd, I say you must not.

*Theod.* I say, I will; and who shall bar my Pleasure?  
Yet more, I speak the Judgment of my Soul.  
Weigh but with Fortune Merit in the Balance,  
And *Athenais* loses by the Marriage.

*Vara.* Relentless Fates! malicious cruel Pow'rs!  
O for what Crime do you thus rack your Creature?  
Sir, I must tell you, this unkindly Meanness  
Suits the Profession of an Anchorite well;  
But in an Oriental Emperor  
It gives Offence; nor can you, without Scandal,  
Without the Notion of a grov'ling Spirit,  
Espouse the Daughter of old *Leontine*,  
Whose utmost Glory is t'have been my Tutor.

*Theod.* He has so well acquitted that Employment,  
Breeding you up to such a gallant Height  
Of full Perfection, and Imperial Greatness,  
That ev'n for this Respect, if for no other,  
I will esteem him worthy while I live.

*Vara.* My Lord, you'll pardon me a little Freedom;  
For I must boldly urge in such a Cause,  
Who overflatters you, tho' ne'er so near  
Related to your Blood, should be suspected.

*Theod.* If Friendship would admit a cold Suspicion,  
After what I have heard and seen To-day,  
Of all Mankind I should suspect *Varanes*.

*Vara.* He has stung me to the Heart; my Groans  
will choak me,  
Unless my struggling Passion gets a Vent.

Out

Out with it then — I can no more dissemble —

Yes, yes, my Lord : Since you reduce me to  
The last Necessity, I must confess it ;  
I must avow my Flame for *Athenais* ;  
I am all Fire, my Passion eats me up,  
It grows incorp'rate with my Flesh and Blood :  
My Pangs redouble ; now they cleave my Heart !

O *Athenais* ! O *Eudofia* ! — Oh ! —

Tho' plain as Day I see my own Destruction,  
Yet to my Death, and, Oh, let all the Gods  
Bear Witness ! still I swear I will adore thee !

*Theod.* Alas ! *Varanes* ! which of us two the Heav'ns  
Have mark'd for Death, is yet above the Stars ;  
But, while we live, let us preserve our Friendship  
Sacred and just, as we have ever done.

This only Mean in two such hard Extremes  
Remains for both : To-morrow you shall see her,  
With all Advantage, in her own Apartment ;  
Take your own Time, say all you can to gain her ;  
If you can win her, lead her into *Persia* ;  
If not, consent that I espouse her here.

*Vara.* Still worse and worse ! O *Theodosius* ! Oh !  
I cannot speak for Sighs : My Death is seal'd  
By this last Sweetness : Had you been less good,  
I might have hop'd. But now my Doom's at Hand.  
Go then, and take her, take her to the Temple :  
The Gods too give you Joy ! O *Athenais* !  
Why does thy Image mock my foolish Sorrow ?  
O *Theodosius*, do not see my Tears :  
Away, and leave me ; leave me to the Grave.

*Theod.* Farewell ; let's leave the Issue to the Heav'ns ;  
I will prepare your Way with all that Honour  
Can urge in your Behalf, tho' to my Ruin. [*Ex. Theod.*]

*Vara.* O ! I could tear my Limbs, and eat my Flesh !  
Fool that I was, fond, proud, vainglorious Fool !  
Damn'd be all Courts, and trebly damn'd Ambition !  
Blasted be thy Remembrance ! Curses on thee !  
And Plagues on Plagues fall on those Fools that seek thee !

*Aranth.* Have Comfort, Sir —

*Vara.*

48 THEODOSIUS: Or,

*Vara.* Away, and leave me, Villain!  
 Traitor, who wrought me first to my Destruction!——  
 Yet stay, and help, help me to curse my Pride,  
 Help me to wish that I had ne'er been Royal,  
 That I had never heard the Name of *Cyrus*.  
 O that I had been born some happy Swain,  
 And never known a Life so great, so vain!  
 Where I Extremes might not be forc'd to choose,  
 And, blest with some mean Wife, no Crown could lose;  
 Where the dear Partner of my little State,  
 With all her smiling Offspring at the Gate,  
 Blessing my Labours, might my Coming wait:  
 Where in our humble Beds all safe might lie,  
 And not in cursed Courts for Glory die.— [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Marcian, and Lucius at a Distance.*

MARCIAN.

THE Gen'ral of the Oriental Armies,  
 Was a Commission large as Fate could give.  
 'Tis gone.  
 Why, what a Thing is a discarded Favourite,  
 When once the Favour of his Prince is turn'd.  
 Shunn'd as a Ghost, the clouded Man appears,  
 And all the gaudy Worshipers forsake him.  
 O *Lucius*! *Lucius*! if thou leav'st me too,  
 I think, I think, I could not bear it;  
 But, like a Slave, my Spirit, broke with Suff'ring,  
 Should on these coward Knees fall down, and beg  
 Once to be great again ——  
*Luc.* Forbid it, Heaven!  
 That e'er the noble *Marcian* condescend  
 To ask of any, but th' immortal Gods!  
 Nay, I vow, if yet your Spirit dear,

Spite

Spite of the Court, you shall be great as *Cæsar*.  
Poor Heart! he pin'd awhile ago for Love —

*Marc.* And for his Mistress vow'd to leave the World;  
But some new Chance, it seems, has chang'd his Mind.  
A Marriage! but to whom, or whence she came,  
None knows; but yet a Marriage is proclaim'd;  
Pageants prepar'd;

The Theatre is open'd too, where he  
And the hot *Persian* mean to act their Follies.  
Gods! Gods! Is this the Image of our *Cæsars*?  
Is this the Image of our *Romulus*?

O why so poorly have you stamp'd *Rome's* Glory?

*Luc.* Thus much I know, to the eternal Shame  
Of the Imperial Blood; this upstart Empress,  
This fine new Queen, is sprung from abject Parents;  
Nay, basely born! But that's all one to him:  
He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

*Marc.* Shall I not speak? Shall I not tell him of it?  
I feel this big-swoln throbbing *Roman* Spirit  
Will burst, unless I utter what I ought.

*Enter Pulcheria with a Paper in her Hand, and Julia.*

*Marc.* *Pulcheria* here! why she's the Scourge of *Marcian*;  
I tremble, too, whenever she approaches:  
What, *Lucius*, can this mean?

*Pulch.* Come hither, *Marcian*! read this Paper o'er,  
And mark the strange Neglect of *Theodosius*:  
He signs whate'er I bring; perhaps you've heard  
To-morrow he intends to wed a Maid of *Athens*,  
New-made a Christian, and new-nam'd *Eudesia*,  
Whom he more dearly prizes than his Empire:  
Yet in this Paper he hath set his Hand,  
And seal'd it too with the Imperial Signet,  
That she shall lose her Head To-morrow Morning.

*Marc.* 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this seems strange.

*Pulch.* I know he rather would commit a Murder  
On his own Person, than permit a Vein  
Of her to bleed; yet, *Marcian*, what might follow,  
If I were envious of this Virgin's Honour,



50 THEODOSIUS: Or,

By his rash passing whatsoe'er I offer —  
 Without a View? Ha! but I had forgot:  
*Julia*, let's haste from this infectious Person —  
 I had forgot that *Marcian* was a Traitor:  
 Yet, by the Pow'rs Divine, I swear 'tis pity,  
 That one so form'd by Nature for all Honour,  
 All Titles, Greatness, Dignities Imperial,  
 The noblest Person, and the bravest Courage,  
 Should not be honest: *Julia*, is't not pity!  
 O *Marcian*, *Marcian*! I could weep to think  
 Virtue should lose itself as thine has done.  
 Repent, rash Man, if yet 'tis not too late,  
 And mend thy Errors; so farewell for ever.

[*Ex. Pulch. and Jul.*

*Marc.* Farewel for ever! No, Madam, ere I go,  
 I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me;  
 Then, if you please, take off this Traitor's Head;  
 End my Commission and my Life together.

*Luc.* Perhaps you'll laugh at what I'm going to say;  
 But by your Life, my Lord, I think 'tis true:  
*Pulcheria* loves this Traitor! Did you mark her?  
 At first she had forgot your Banishment;  
 Makes you her Counsellor, and tells her Secrets,  
 As to a Friend; nay, leaves them in your Hand,  
 And says, 'tis pity that you are not honest!  
 With such Description of your Gallantry  
 As none but Love could make; then taking Leave,  
 Thro' the dark Lashes of her darting Eyes  
 Methought she shot her Soul at ev'ry Glance;  
 Still looking back, as if she had a Mind  
 That you should know she left her Heart behind her.

*Marc.* Alas! thou dost not know her, nor do I:  
 Nor can the Wit of all Mankind conceive her.  
 But let's away. This Paper is of Use.

*Luc.* I guess your Purpose:  
 He is a Boy, and as a Boy you'll use him:  
 There is no other Way.

*Marc.* Yes, if he be not  
 Quite dead with Sleep, for ever lost to Honour,

*Marcian*



*The Force of Love.*

51

*Marcian* with this shall rouse him. O, my *Lucius*!  
Methinks the Ghosts of the great *Theodosius*,  
And thund'ring *Constantine*, appear before me:  
They charge me as a Soldier to chastize him,  
To lash him with keen Words from lazy Love,  
And shew him how they trod the Paths of Honour.

[*Ex.*

*Enter Athenais, meeting Theodosius.*

*Theo.* Alas! *Eudofia*, tell me what to say;  
For my full Heart can scarce bring forth a Word  
Of that which I have sworn to see perform'd.

*Athen.* I'm perfectly obedient to your Pleasure.

*Theo.* Well then, I come to tell thee, that *Varanus*  
Of all Mankind is nearest to my Heart.

I love him, dear *Eudofia*; and to prove  
That Love on Trial, all my Blood's too little;

Ev'n thee, if I were sure to die this Moment,

(As Heav'n alone can tell how far my Fate

Is off) O thou, my Soul's most tender Joy,

With my last Breath I would bequeath him thee.

*Athen.* Then you are pleas'd, my Lord, to yield me to him;

*Theo.* No, my *Eudofia*; no, I will not yield thee,  
While I have Life; for Worlds I will not yield thee:

Yet, thus far I'm engag'd to let thee know,

He loves thee, *Athenais*, more than ever;

He languishes, despairs, and dies like me;

And I have pass'd my Word that he shall see thee.

*Athen.* Ah, Sir, what have you done against yourself  
And me?——

Why will you trust me, who am now afraid

To trust myself?——

For, oh! with trembling Agonies I speak it,

I cannot see a Prince, whom once I lov'd,

Bath'd in his Grief, and gasping at my Feet,

Without a Sorrow that perhaps may end me.

*Theo.* O ye severer Powers! too cruel Fate!

Did ever Love tread such a Maze before?

Yet, *Athenais*, still I trust thy Virtue;

32 THEODOSIUS: Or,

But if thy bleeding Heart cannot refrain,  
Give, give thyself away; yet still remember  
That Moment *Theodosius* is no more——

[Exit Theo. with Attic. Pulch. and Leon.

*Athen.* Now, Glory! now, if ever thou didst work  
In Woman's Mind, assist me.

Enter *Varanes*, leaning on *Aranthes*.

Ha! is this he? or is't *Varanes'* Ghost?  
He looks as if he had bespoke his Grave,  
Trembling and pale; I must not dare to view him.  
For, O, I feel his Melancholy here,  
And fear I shall too soon partake his Sickness.

*Vara.* Thus to the angry Gods offending Mortals,  
Made sensible by some severe Affliction,  
How all their Crimes are register'd in Heav'n;  
Thus the poor Penitents with Fear approach  
The rev'rend Shrines, and thus for Mercy bow: [*Kneels.*  
Thus melting too, they wash the hallow'd Earth,  
And groan to be forgiven——

O, Empress! O, *Eudofia*! such you're now.  
These are your Titles, and I must not dare  
Ever to call you *Athenais* more.

*Athen.* Rise, rise, my Lord! let me intreat you, rise:  
I will not hear you in that humble Posture:  
Rise, or I must withdraw——The World will blush  
For you and me, should it behold a Prince,  
Sprung from immortal *Cyrus*, on his Knees  
Before the Daughter of a poor Philosopher.

*Vara.* 'Tis just, ye righteous Gods! my Doom is just;  
Nor will I strive to deprecate her Anger.  
If possible, I'll aggravate my Crimes,  
That she may rage till she has broke my Heart:  
For all I now desire ——  
Is to fall dead without a Wound before her.

*Athen.* O ye known Sounds! But I must steel my Soul:  
Methinks these Robes, my *Delia*, are too heavy.

*Vara.* Not worth a Word, a Look, nor one Regard!  
Oh, for the Sake of him, whom you ere long  
Shall hold as fast as now your Wishes from him,

Give

Give me a patient Hearing; for however  
I talk of Death, and seem to loath my Life,  
I would delib'rate with my Fate awhile,  
With snatching Glances eye thee to the last,  
Pause o'er a Loss like that of *Athenais*,  
And parley with my Ruin.

*Athen.* Speak, my Lord: ||

To hear you is the Emperor's Command:  
And for that Cause I readily obey.

*Vara.* The Emperor, the Emperor's Command!  
And for that Cause she readily obeys!

I thank you, Madam, that on any Terms  
You condescend to hear me —————

Know then, *Eudofia*: Ah, rather let me call thee

By the lov'd Name of *Athenais* still;

I swear I love thee more, far more than ever.

With conscious Blushes too, here, help me, Gods;

Help me to tell her, tho' to my Confusion,

And everlasting Shame; yet I must tell her,

I lay the *Persian* Crown before her Feet.

*Athen.* My Lord, I thank you; and t'express those  
As nobly as you offer 'em, I return [Thanks

The Gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you

With the Example of the Emperor:

Not but I know 'tis that that draws you on,

Thus to descend beneath your Majesty,

And swell the Daughter of a poor Philosopher

With Hopes of being great.

*Vara.* Ah, Madam! ah! you wrong me! by the Gods,  
I had repented, ere I knew the Emp'ror —————

*Athen.* You find, perhaps too late, that *Athenais*,

However slighted for her Birth and Fortune,

Has something in her Person, and her Virtue,

Worth the Regard of Emperors themselves;

And, to return the Compliment you gave

My Father, *Leontine*, that poor Philosopher,

Whose utmost Glory is t'have been your Tutor,

I here protest, by Virtue, and by Glory,

I swear by Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs Divine,

54 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Th' abandon'd Daughter of that poor old Man  
Shall ne'er be seated on the Throne of *Cyrus*.

*Vara*. O Death to all my Hopes! What hast thou sworn?  
To turn me wild! Ah, cursed Throne of *Cyrus*!  
Would thou had'st been o'erturn'd, and laid in Dust,  
His Crown too thunder struck; my Father; all  
The *Persian* Race, like poor *Darius*, ruin'd,  
Blotted, and swept for ever from the World,  
When first Ambition blasted thy Remembrance. —

*Athen*. O Heav'n! I had forgot the base Affront  
Offer'd by this proud Man; a Wrong so great,  
It is remov'd beyond all Hope of Mercy;  
He had design'd to bribe my Father's Virtue,  
And by unlawful Means —  
Fly from my Sight, lest I become a Fury,  
And break those Rules of Temp'rance I propos'd;  
Fly, fly, *Varanes*! fly this sacred Place,  
Where Virtue and Religion are profess'd;  
Fly to Imperial Libertines abroad:  
In foreign Courts thou'lt find a thousand Beauties  
That will comply for Gold: for Gold they'll weep,  
For Gold be fond, as *Athenais* was,  
And charm thee still, as if they lov'd indeed.  
Away, *Varanes*!

*Vara*. Yes, Madam, I am going —  
Nay, by the Gods, I do not ask thee Pardon,  
Nor, while I live, will I implore thy Mercy;  
But, when I'm dead, if, as thou dost return  
With happy *Theodosius* from the Temple,  
If, as thou go'st in Triumph thro' the Streets,  
Thou chance to meet the cold *Varanes* there,  
Borne by his Friends to his eternal Home;  
Stop then, O *Athenais*! and behold me:  
Say, as thou hang'st about the Emp'ror's Neck,  
Alas! my Lord, this Sight is worth our Pity.  
If to those pitying Words thou add a Tear,  
Or give one parting Groan — If possible,  
If the good Gods will grant my Soul the Freedom,  
I'll leave my Shroud, and wake from Death to thank thee.

*Athen*.



*The Force of Love.*

55

*Athen.* He shakes my Resolution from the Bottom :  
My bleeding Heart too speaks in his Behalf,  
And says, my Virtue has been too severe.

*Vara.* Farewel ! O Empress : No *Athenais* now :  
I will not call thee by that tender Name,  
Since cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom,  
And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death.  
Since 'tis so doom'd by Fate, you must be wedded ;  
For your own Peace, when I am laid in Earth,  
Forget that e'er *Varanes* had a Being :  
Turn all your Soul to *Theodosius*' Bosom.  
Continue, Gods, their Days, and make 'em long !  
*Lucina* wait upon their fruitful *Hymen* !  
And many Children, beauteous as the Mother,  
And pious as the Father, make 'em smile !

*Athen.* O Heav'ns !

*Vara.* Farewel — I'll trouble you no more :  
The Malady, that lodg'd within, grows stronger :  
I feel the Shock of my approaching Fate ;  
My Heart too trembles at his distant March ;  
Nor can I utter more, if you should ask me.  
Thy Arm, *Arantes* ! O farewell for ever —

*Athen.* *Varanes*, stay ; and, ere you go for ever,  
Let me unfold my Heart.

*Vara.* O *Athenais* !

What further Cruelty hast thou in store  
To add to what I suffer ?

*Athen.* Since 'tis doom'd  
That we must part, let's part as Lovers should.  
As those that have lov'd long, and loved well.

*Vara.* Art thou so good ? O *Athenais*, oh !

*Athen.* First, from my Soul, I pity and forgive you ;  
I pardon you that hasty little Error,  
Which yet has been the Cause of both our Ruins.  
And let this Sorrow witness for my Heart,  
How eagerly I wish it had not been ;  
And, since I cannot keep it, take it all :  
Take all the Love, O Prince, I ever bore you :  
Farewel most lovely, and most lov'd of Men !



56 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Why comes this dying Paleness o'er thy Face?  
Why wander thus thy Eyes? Why dost thou bend,  
As if the fatal Weight of Death were on thee.

*Vara.* Speak yet a little more: For, by the Gods!  
And as I prize those blessed happy Moments,  
I swear, O *Athenais!* all is well;  
O never better.

*Athen.* I doubt thee, dear *Varanes*;  
Yet, if thou dy'st, I shall not long be from thee.  
Once more farewell, and take these last Embraces.  
Oh! I could crush him to my Heart! Farewel:  
And as a dying Pledge of my last Love,  
Take this, which all thy Pray'rs could never charm.  
What have I done? Oh lead me, lead me, *Delia*.  
Ah, Prince, farewell! Angels protect and guard thee!

*Vara.* Turn back, O, *Athenais!* and behold me;  
Hear my last Words, and then farewell for ever.  
Thou hast undone me more by this Confession!  
You say, you swear, you love me more than ever,  
Yet I must see you marry'd to another;  
Can there be any Plague or Hell like this?  
O, *Athenais!* whither shall I turn me?  
You've brought me back to Life; but, Oh, what Life?  
To a Life more terrible than Thousand Deaths.  
Like one that had been bury'd in a Trance,  
With racking Starts, he wakes, and gazes round,  
Forc'd by Despair his whirling Limbs to wound,  
And bellow like a Spirit under-ground;  
Still urg'd by Fate, to turn, to tofs, and rave,  
Tormented, dash'd, and broken in the Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Athenais *dress'd in Imperial Robes, and crown'd: A Table with a Bowl of Poison.*

ATHENAIS.

**A** Midnight Marriage! Must I to the Temple!  
Thus, at the Murd'rer's Hour? 'Tis wond'rous  
strange!

But so thou say'st my Father has commanded;  
And that's a mighty Reason.

*Delia.* The Emp'ror, in Compassion to the Prince,  
Who would, perhaps, fly to Extravagance,  
If he in public should resolve to espouse you,  
Contriv'd by this close Marriage to deceive him.

*Athen.* 'Tis well; retire.

Lo, now I am alone, yet my Soul shakes:  
For where this dreadful Draught may carry me  
'The Heav'ns can only tell; yet I'm resolv'd  
To drink it off in spite of Consequence.  
Whisper him, O some Angel! what I'm doing;  
By Sympathy of Soul let him too tremble,  
To hear my wondrous Faith, my wondrous Love.  
O, my *Varanes*! tho' my Birth's unequal, [Drinks.  
My Virtue sure has richly recompens'd  
And quite outgone Example!

*Pulch.* How fares my dear *Eudesia*? Ha! thou look'st,  
Or else the Tapers cheat my Sight, like one  
That's fitter for thy Tomb, than *Cæsar's* Bed:  
A fatal Sorrow dims thy shaded Eyes,  
And, in despite of all thy Ornaments,  
Thou seem'st to me the Ghost of *Athenais*.

*Athen.* And what's the Punishment, my dear *Pulcheria*,  
What Torments are allotted those sad Spirits,  
Who, groaning with the Burden of Despair,  
No longer will endure the Cares of Life,  
But boldly set themselves at Liberty.

58 THEODOSIUS: Or,

*Pulch.* No more o'that: *Atticus* shall resolve thee.  
But see, he waits thee from the Emperor:  
Thy Father too attends.

*Enter Leontine, Atticus, &c.*

*Leont.* Come, *Athenais*! Ha! what now, in Tears?  
O Fall of Honour! But no more; I charge thee,  
I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my Blessing,  
Or fear'st my Curse, to banish from thy Soul  
All Thoughts, if possible, the Memory,  
Of that ungrateful Prince that has undone thee.  
Attend me to the Temple on this Instant,  
To make the Emp'rour thine, this Night to wed him.

*Athen.* Yes, Sir, I'll go —

Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will go:

*Eudofia*, this unhappy Bride, shall go:

Thus, like a Victim, crown'd, and doom'd to bleed,  
I'll wait you to the Altar, wed the Emp'rour.

*Leont.* Thou art my Child again.

*Athen.* But do not, Sir, imagine, any Charms  
Or Threat'nings shall compel me  
Never to think of poor *Varanes* more:  
No, my *Varanes*! No —

While I have Breath I will remember thee:  
To thee alone I will my Thoughts confine,  
And all my Meditations shall be thine:  
The Image of thy Woes my Soul shall fill;  
Fate, and my End, and thy Remembrance still.  
Yes, my *Varanes*, till my Death comes on,  
Shall sad *Eudofia* thy dear Loss bemoan.

[*Exeunt Athenais, Atticus, &c.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Varanes.*

*Vara.* 'Tis Night, dead Night; and weary Nature lies  
So fast, as if she never were to rise;  
No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees;  
No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas;

*Leont.*

Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon ;  
No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon ;  
Nor bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,  
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie :  
The Ravens perch, and no Presages give,  
Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave :  
The Owls forget to scream ; no Midnight Sound  
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground :  
In Vaults the walking Fires extinguish'd lie ;  
The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink, and seem to die.  
Such universal Silence spreads below,  
Thro' the vast Shades where I am doom'd to go ;  
Nor shall I need a Violence to wound :  
The Storm is here, that drives me on the Ground ;  
Sure Means to make the Soul and Body part !  
A burning Fever, and a broken Heart.  
What, ho, *Aranthes* !

*Enter Aranthes.*

I sent thee to th' Apartment of *Athenais* :  
I sent thee, did I not ? to be admitted.

*Aranth.* You did, my Lord ; but Oh,  
I fear to give you an Account.

*Vara.* Alas !

*Aranthes.* I am got on t'other Side  
Of this bad World ; and now am past all Fear.  
O ye avenging Gods ! is there a Plague  
Among your hoarded Bolts, and Heaps of Vengeance,  
Beyond the mighty Loss of *Athenais* ?  
'Tis Contradiction : Speak, then, speak, *Aranthes* ;  
For all Misfortunes, if compar'd with that,  
Will make *Varanes* smile——

*Aranth.* My Lord, the Empress,  
Crown'd, and adorn'd with the Imperial Robes,  
At this dead Time of Night, with silent Pomp,  
As they design'd from all to keep it secret,  
But chiefly sure from you ; I say, the Empress  
Is now conducted by the General,

60 T H E O D O S I U S : Or,

*Atticus*, and her Father, to the Temple,  
There to espouse the Emp'ror *Theodosius*.

*Vara*. Say'st thou? Is't certain? Ha!

*Aran*. Most certain, Sir, I saw them in Procession.

*Vara*. Give me thy Sword. Malicious Fate! O Fortune!  
O giddy Chance! O Turn of Love and Greatness!  
Marry'd! She has kept her Promise now indeed;  
And Oh! her pointed Fame, and nice Revenge,  
Have reach'd their End. No, my *Aranthes*, no!  
I will not stay the lazy Execution  
Of a slow Fever: Give me thy Hand, and swear  
By all the Love and Duty that thou ow'st me,  
T' observe the last Commands that I shall give thee:  
Stir not against my Purpose, as thou fear'st  
My Anger and Disdain; nor dare t' oppose me  
With troublesome, unnecessary, formal Reasons;  
For what my Thought has doom'd, my Hand shall seal.  
I charge thee hold it stedfast to my Heart,  
Fixt as the Fate that throws me on the Point.  
Tho' I have liv'd a *Persian*, I will fall  
As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd,  
As any *Greek* or *Roman* of 'em all.

*Aran*. What you command is terrible, but sacred;  
And to atone for this too cruel Duty,  
My Lord, I'll follow you —

*Vara*. I charge thee not:  
But, when I'm dead, take the attending Slaves,  
And bear me, with my Blood distilling down,  
Strait to the Temple: Lay me, O *Aranthes*!  
Lay my cold Corse at *Athenais*' Feet,  
And say, O why, why do my Eyes run o'er?  
Say with my latest Gasps I groan'd for Pardon.  
Just here, my Friend, hold fast, and fix the Sword:  
I feel the Art'ry, where the Life Blood lies;  
It heaves against the Point—Now, O ye Gods,  
If for the greatly wretched you have Room,  
Prepare my Place; for dauntless, lo! I come.

*The Force of Love* thus makes the mortal Wound.

And *Athenais* sends me to the Ground. [*Kills himself.*]

S C E N E



SCENE IV. The Temple.

Theodosius, Athenais, Atticus *joining their Hands*——  
 Marcian, Pulcheria, Lucius, Julia, Delia, &c. Le-  
 ontine.

Attic. *The more than Gordian Knot is ty'd,  
 Which Death's strong Arm shall ne'er divide;  
 For, when to Bliss ye wasted are,  
 Your Spirits shall be wedded there.  
 Waters are lost, and Fires will die;  
 But Love alone can Fate defy.*

*Enter Arantes, with the Body of Varanes.*

Aran. Where is the Empress? Where shall I find  
 Eudofia?

By Fate I'm sent to tell that cruel Beauty,  
 She has robb'd the World of Fame; her Eyes have giv'n  
 A Blast to the big Blossom of the War:  
 Behold him there, nipt in his flow'ry Morn,  
 Compell'd to break his Promise of a Day,  
 A Day that Conquest would have made her Boast:  
 Behold her Laurel wither'd to the Root,  
 Canker'd and kill'd by *Athenais* Scorn.

*Athen.* Dead, dead, *Varanes*!

*Theod.* Alas! alas! *Varanes*! But speak, *Arantes*,  
 The Manner of his Fate!

*Aran.* His Fever would, no doubt, by this have done  
 What, some few Minutes past, his Sword perform'd.  
 He heard from me your Progress to the Temple,  
 How you design'd at Midnight to deceive him  
 By a clandestine Marriage: But, my Lord,  
 Had you beheld his Racks at my Relation;  
 Or, had your Empress seen him in those Torments,  
 When from his dying Eyes, swol'n to the Brim,  
 The big round Drops roll'd down his manly Face;  
 When from his hollow'd Breast a murm'ring Croud  
 Of Groans rush'd forth, and echo'd, All is well;

Then

62 THEODOSIUS: Or,

Then had you seen him, O, ye cruel Gods!  
Rush on the Sword I held against his Breast,  
And dye it to the Hilt, with these last Words —  
Bear me to *Athenais* —

*Athen.* Give me Way, my Lord.  
I have most strictly kept my Promise with you:  
I am your Bride, and you can ask no more;  
Or, if you did, I'm past the Pow'r to give:  
But here! O here! on his cold bloody Breast,  
Thus let me breathe my last. [mean?

*Theod.* O, Empress! what, what can this Transport  
Are these our Nuptials? these my promis'd Joys?

*Athen.* Forgive me, Sir, this last Respect I pay  
These sad Remains—And, O, thou mighty Spirit!  
If yet thou art not mingled with the Stars,  
Look down and hear the wretched *Athenais*,  
When thou shalt know, before I gave Consent  
To this indecent Marriage, I had taken  
Into my Veins a cold and deadly Draught,  
Wilt thou not forgive me?

*Theod.* Poison'd, to free thee from the Emperor!  
O, *Athenais*! thou hast done a Deed.  
That tears my Heart.

*Athen.* O, pardon me!  
I lay my dying Body at your Feet;  
And beg, my Lord, with my last Sighs intreat you,  
T'impute the Fault, if 'tis a Fault, to Love;  
And the Ingratitude of *Athenais*  
To her too cruel Stars: Remember, too,  
I begg'd you would not let me see the Prince,  
Presaging what has happen'd; yet my Word,  
As to our Nuptials, was inviolable.

*Theod.* Ha! she is going! see her languishing Eyes  
Draw in their Beams; the Sleep of Death is on her.

*Athen.* Alas! alas, *Varanes*!  
T'embrace thee now is not Immodesty;  
Or, if it were, I think my bleeding Heart  
Would make thee criminal in Death to clasp thee!  
O, Prince belov'd! O Spirit most divine!

Thus

*The Force of Love.*

63

Thus by my Death I give thee all my Love,  
And seal my Soul and Body ever thine——

[Dies.]

*Theod.* O, *Marcian*! O, *Pulcheria*! did not the Pow'r  
Whom we adore, plant all his Thunder-bolts  
Against Self-murd'ers, I would perish too:  
But, as I am, I swear to leave the Empire:  
To thee, my Sister, I bequeath the World;  
And, yet a Gift more great, the gallant *Marcian*.  
On then, my Friend! now shew thy *Roman Spirit*,  
As to her Sex, fair *Athenais* was,  
Be thou to thine a Pattern of true Honour.  
Thus we'll atone for all the present Crimes,  
That yet it may be said, in After-times,  
No Age with such Examples could compare,  
So great, so good, so virtuous, and so fair!

[Exeunt Omnes.]

F I N I S.

PLAYS, 8vo. lately printed for T.  
LOWNDES.

- A**LZIRA, by A. Hill  
 Art and Nature, by  
 the Rev. Mr. Miller  
 Athelwold, by A. Hill  
 Barbarossa, by Dr. Brown  
 Beggars Opera, with music  
 Brothers, by Mr. Cumber-  
 land  
 Calia, or Perjured Lover  
 Cymbeline, by Hawkins  
 Dissembled Wanton  
 Double Deceit  
 Double Falshood; or Dis-  
 tressed Lovers, by Shake-  
 speare  
 Double Mistake, by Mrs.  
 Griffyths  
 Douglas, by Mr. Home  
 Elfrid, or the Fair Incon-  
 stant, by A. Hill  
 Fashionable Lady  
 Fashionable Lover, by Mr.  
 Cumberland  
 Fatal Vision, by A. Hill  
 Fate of Villainy  
 Foundling, by Mr. Moore  
 Guardian Outwitted  
 Henry V. by A. Hill  
 Henry VIII. by Mr. Grove,  
 with cuts  
 Humours of Oxford  
 Independent Patriot, by F.  
 Linch, Esq;  
 Insolvent, or Filial Piety  
 Lover, by Theo. Cibber  
 Love in a Village, by Mr.  
 Bickerstaff  
 Mahomet, altered by Mr.  
 Garrick  
 Maid of the Mill, by Mr.  
 Cumberland  
 Man of Taste, by Mr.  
 Miller  
 Midas, a Comic Opera  
 Minor, by Mr. Foote  
 Miser, by Fielding  
 Modish Couple, by C.  
 Bodens  
 Momus turned Fabulist  
 Mother-in-Law, by Mr.  
 Miller  
 Oliver Cromwell, by Mr.  
 Green  
 Orators, by Mr. Foote  
 Papal Tyranny; or King  
 John, by C. Cibber  
 Periander, by T. Atkins,  
 Esq;  
 Plain Dealer, altered by  
 Mr. Bickerstaff  
 Prodigal, by T. Odell  
 Rinaldo, by A. Hill  
 Roman Revenge  
 Scanderbeg, by Havard  
 Timoleon, by B. Martin  
 Timon in Love, by Ralfe  
 Village Opera, by Johnson  
 Universal Passion, by Mr.  
 Miller  
 Widow Bewitched, by J.  
 Motley  
 Zara, with the Interlude,  
 &c. by A. Hill.

FARCES,

**FARCES, &c. 8vo. lately printed,  
1s. each.**

**A** MINTAS, an Opera  
Author, by Mr. Foote  
Beggar's Wedding  
Boarding School, with  
Music, by Coffey  
Chambermaid, with Music  
Citizen, by Mr. Murphy  
Coffee-House, by Mr.  
Miller  
Damon and Phillida, by C.  
Cibber  
Devil of a Duke  
Edgar and Emmeline, by  
Dr. Hawkesworth  
Fatal Extravagance, by A.  
Hill  
Hospital for Fools, by Mr.  
Miller

King Lear, altered by Mr.  
Colman  
Livery Rake, by Mr. Phi-  
lips, with Music  
Muses in Mourning; to  
which is added, Merlin  
in Love, by A. Hill  
Merry Cobler, or 2d Part  
of Devil to Pay, with  
Music, by Coffey  
Oroonoko, altered by Dr.  
Hawkesworth  
Spirit of Contradiction  
Stratford Jubilee, by Mr.  
Gentleman  
Taste, by Mr. Foote  
Thomas and Sally, by  
Bickerstaff.

**PLAYS, printed for T. LOWNDES,  
at 6d. each.**

**A** BRAMULE  
Æsop, by Vanbrugh  
Albion and Albanus  
Alcibiades, by Otway  
All for Love, by Dryden  
Ambitious Step-mother  
Amboyna, by Dryden  
Amphytrion, by Dryden  
Anatomist by Ravenscroft  
Anna Bullen, by Banks  
Artful Husband  
Artifice, by Centlivre  
Athaliah, by Duncomb

Aurengzebe, by Dryden  
Basset Table, by Centlivre  
Beaux Stratagem  
Beggars Opera, by Gay  
Bold Stroke for a Wife  
Busiris, by Dr. Young  
Busy Body, by Centlivre  
Caius Marius  
Captives, by Gay  
Careless Husband  
Cato, by Addison  
Chances  
Chaplet, by Mr. Mendez  
Cobler

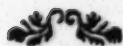


# PLAYS, *printed for* T. LOWNDES.

|                                                         |                                      |
|---------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Cobler of Preston                                       | Gentle Shepherd                      |
| Committee, by Howard                                    | George Barnwell, by Lillo            |
| Comedy of Errors                                        | Gloriana                             |
| Conquest of Granada, 2<br>Parts                         | Greenwich Park                       |
| Conscious Lovers                                        | Hamlet, by Shakespeare               |
| Country Wife                                            | Henry IV. 2 Parts                    |
| Contrivances, by Carey                                  | Henry V. by Shakespeare              |
| Country Lasses                                          | Henry V. by Aaron Hill               |
| Cymbeline, altered by Mr.<br>Garrick                    | Henry VI. 3 Parts, by<br>Shakespeare |
| Damon and Phillida, by<br>Mr. Dibden                    | Henry VIII. by Shake-<br>speare      |
| Devil to pay, by Coffey                                 | Honest Yorkshireman                  |
| Distressed Mother                                       | Inconstant, by Farquhar              |
| Don Carlos, by Otway                                    | Indian Emperor, by Dryden            |
| Don Quixotte, 3 Parts                                   | Indian Queen, by ditto               |
| Don Sebastian                                           | Island Princess                      |
| Double Dealer                                           | Jane Gray, by Mr. Rowe               |
| Double Gallant                                          | Jane Shore, by ditto                 |
| Dragon of Wantley                                       | King Arthur, by Dryden               |
| Drummer, by Addison                                     | King John, by Shakespeare            |
| Duke and no Duke                                        | King Lear, by ditto                  |
| Duke of Guise                                           | Ditto, by Tate                       |
| Earl of Essex, by Banks                                 | Ladies Last Stake                    |
| Evening's Love                                          | Love for Love                        |
| Every Man in his Hu-<br>mour, altered by Mr.<br>Garrick | Love's Last Shift                    |
| Fair Penitent, by Rowe                                  | Love makes a Man                     |
| Fair Quaker of Deal                                     | Love in a Mist                       |
| False Friend                                            | Love in a Tub                        |
| Fatal Curiosity                                         | Lying Lover, by Steele               |
| Fatal Secret                                            | Macbeth                              |
| Flora, or Hob in the Well                               | Man of Mode                          |
| Fox                                                     | Mariamne                             |
| Friendship in Fashion                                   | Merchant of Venice                   |
| Funeral, by Sir R. Steele                               | Mistake                              |
| Gamester, by Mrs. Cent-<br>livre                        | Mourning Bride                       |
|                                                         | Mustapha                             |
|                                                         | Nonjuror                             |
|                                                         | Old Bachelor                         |
|                                                         | Oroonoko,                            |

# PLAYS *printed for* T. LOWNDES.

|                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Oroonoko, by Southern     | Sir Harry Wildair        |
| Orphan, by Otway          | Sir Walter Raleigh       |
| Othello, by Shakespeare   | Silent Woman             |
| Phædra and Hippolitus     | 'Squire of Alsatia       |
| Polly, by Mr. Gay         | Stage Coach, by Far-     |
| Prophetess                | quhar                    |
| Provok'd Husband, by C.   | State of Innocence       |
| Cibber                    | Suspicious Husband       |
| Provok'd Wife             | Tamerlane, by Rowe       |
| Recruiting Officer        | Tender Husband, by Sir   |
| Refusal, by Cibber        | R. Steele                |
| Rehearsal, by D. of Bucks | Theodosius, by Lee       |
| Relapse, by Vanbrugh      | Timon of Athens          |
| Revenge, by Dr. Young     | Tunbridge Walks          |
| Richard III. altered by   | Twelfth Night            |
| Cibber                    | Twin Rivals, by Farquhar |
| Rival Queens, by Lee      | Venice Preserved, by Ot- |
| Romeo and Juliet, altered | way                      |
| by Mr. Garrick            | Way of the World         |
| School Boy, by Cibber     | What d'ye call it?       |
| She would and she would   | Wife to let              |
| not, by Cibber            | Wild Gallant             |
| She would if she could    | Wit without Money        |
| Siege of Damascus         | Woman's a Riddle         |
| Silent Woman              | Wonder, by Centlivre     |
| Sir Courtly Nice, by Mr.  | Zara, by A. Hill, Esq;   |
| Crown                     |                          |



BOOKS

# BOOKS printed for T. LOWNDES.

1. **W**OOD's Body of Conveyancing, 3 vols 5l. 10s.
2. Wood's Institutes of the Civil Law, published by Mr. Serjeant Wilfon, 1l. 7s.
3. Jacob's Law Dictionary, 2l. 2s.
4. Cambden's Britannia, 2 vol. 4l. 4s.
5. Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, with cuts, 3l. 3s.
6. Postlethwayte's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, 2 vols. 4l. 4s.
7. A two sheet Map of Staffordshire, engraved in 1747, with alphabetical Lists of the Hundreds, Towns, &c. the whole properly coloured, 2s.
8. New Editions of Lowndes's Marriage Registers, on Paper, Parchment, and Vellum. Twenty-five Sheets of Demy Paper contain 400 compleat Registers, which are sold at 4s. and those on Medium, 6s. Some are printed on Parchment, Demy Size, at 1s. others on Vellum, Demy Size, at 2s. per Leaf.
9. The History of London, from the Foundation to the present Time, including the several Parishes in Westminster, Middlesex, Southwark, &c. within the Bills of Mortality. By William Maitland, F. R. S. and brought down to the present Time by the Rev. Mr. Entick, in 2 vols. with cuts, 4l.
10. Milton's Paradise Lost, with Dr. Newton's Notes and Cuts, 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 10s.
11. The Complete Farmer: or, A General Dictionary of Husbandry, in all its Branches: Containing the various Methods of cultivating and improving every Species of Land. Comprizing every Thing valuable in the best Writers on this Subject. Together with a great Variety of new Discoveries and Improvements. Also the whole Business of Breeding, Managing, and Fattening Cattle of all Kinds, and the most approved Methods of curing the various Diseases to which they are subject. Also Mr. Wildman's Method of raising Bees, and of acquiring large Quantities of Wax and Honey, without destroying those laborious

## BOOKS *printed for* T. LOWNDES.

borious Insects. To which is now first added, The Gardener's Kalendar, calculated for the Use of Farmers and Country Gentlemen; containing an ample Account of the Work necessary to be done every Month in the Year, in the Nursery and Kitchen Gardens. Illustrated with a great Variety of Copper-Plates, exhibiting all the Instruments used in Husbandry, particularly those lately invented, and presented to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. in London. By a Society of Gentlemen, Members of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. The Second Edition, enlarged and improved, price 1l. 5s.

12. Ferguson's Astronomy, 9s

13. Nelson's Festivals, 5s

14. Foote's Plays, 3 vols. 18s.

15. Salmon's Geographical Grammar, 6s

16. The Songs of the Beggars Opera, adapted to the Harpsichord, Violin, or German Flute; with the Overture in Score, as compiled by Dr. Pepusch, and engraved on Copper-plates, price 1s. 6d. sewed.

17. Rev. Mr. White's 21 Sermons, 6s

18. Dramatic Works of Aaron Hill, Esq; with Love Letters of the Author, 2 vols. 12s.

19. The Dramatic Works of Arthur Murphy, Esq; 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

20. A Tour through Spain and Portugal, 5s

21. Compleat Housewife, with Plates of different Courses, and Bills of Fare for every Month in the Year, 5s

22. Dr. Falconer on Bath Waters, 6s

23. Bailey's English Dictionary, 6s

24. Life of the Duke of Marlborough, illustrated with Maps, Plans of Battles, Sieges, and Medals. By Thomas Lediard, Esq; 2 vols. 12s

25. Milton's Paradise Lost, with Hayman's Cuts, and Notes by Dr. Newton, 2 vols. 12s

26. ————— Regained, 2 vols. 10s

27. Cole's Latin and English Dictionary, 6s

28. Boyer's French and English Dictionary, 7s

29. Dr.



# BOOKS printed for T. LOWNDES:

29. Dr. Grey's Hudibras, 2 vols. 14s
30. Stanhope's Thomas à Kempis, 4s
31. Every Man his own Lawyer, 6s
32. Dr. James's Dispensatory, 3d edit. 7s
33. Fielding's Works, with his Life, by Murphy,  
8 vols. 2l. 8s.
34. Kimber's Baronets of England, 3 vols. 1l 1s
35. Mrs. Glafs's Cookery, 5s
36. Essays Medical and Experimental, by T. Percival,  
M. D. F. R. S. 3s
37. Dyche's English Dictionary, 6s
38. Bladen's Cæsar's Commentaries, cuts, 5s
39. Bailey's Ovid's Metamorphosis, Latin and Eng-  
lish, 6s
40. Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language,  
2 vols. 10s
41. Capell's Shakespeare, 10 vols. 2l 2s
42. Johnson's Shakespeare, 8 vols. 2l 8s
43. Wells's Dionysius, with maps, 3s 6d
44. The History of Inland Navigations, and par-  
ticularly those in Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire,  
Derbyshire, &c. with the intended one from Leeds to  
Liverpool, in 2 parts, price 2s. 6d. each, illustrated  
with geographical plans of the different Navigations.
45. Marshall on Sanctification, 3s
46. Chambaud's French Exercises, 2s
47. ——— Rudiments of the French Tongue, 2s
48. Macbride's Medical and Philosophical Essays, 5s
49. Muller on Fortification, with plates, 6s
50. Palermo's Italian Grammar, 5s
51. Smollet's Travels, 2 vols. 10s
52. Anson's Voyage round the World, by Walter,  
with Maps, 6s
53. Treatise on Opium, by G. Young, M. D. 3s 6d
54. Kalm's Travels into North America, 2 vols.  
with cuts, 12s
55. Theobald's Shakespeare, 8 vols. cuts, 1l 8s
56. Fortunate Country Maid, 2 vols. 6s
57. The Prater, by Nicholas Babble, Esq; 3s
58. Anti-



# BOOKS printed for T. LOWNDES.

58. Antigallican, or Adventures of H. Cobham, Esq; 3s
59. Adventures of Owen Gwin Vaughan, Esq; 2 vols. 6s
60. Sir John Vanbrugh's Plays, 2 vols. 6s
61. Milton's Paradise Lost, with cuts, 3s 6d
62. Dr. Smollet's Quixote, plates, 4 vols. 12s
63. The Works of Mr. G. Farquhar, 2 vols. 6s
64. Sir Richard Steele's Dramatic Works, with his Life and Head, 3s
65. Kimber's Peerage of England, with plates of arms, supporters, &c. &c. 3s 6d
66. Kimber's Peerage of Scotland, with arms, &c. 3s 6d
67. Kimber's Peerage of Ireland, with arms, &c. 3s 6d
68. Dr. Croxall's Æsop, 3s
69. Fine Lady, by the Author of Miss Melmoth, 2 vols. 6s
70. Ovid's Art of Love, 3s
71. Mrs. Teresa Constantia Philips, 3 vols. 9s
72. Dramatic Works of N. Rowe, Esq; 2 vols. 6s
73. Howard's Dramatic Works, 3s
74. Letters of Abelard and Heloise, with Poems, by Mr. Pope and Mrs. Madan, cuts, 1s 6d sewed
75. The same book on fine paper, with elegant plates, 2s 6d bound
76. Fielding's Tom Jones, 4 vols. 12s
77. Otway's Dramatic Works and Love Letters, 3 vols. 9s
78. Henrietta, by Mrs. Lenox, 2 vols. 6s
79. Memoirs of the Countess Berci, translated by Mrs. Lenox, 2 vols. 6s
80. Shakespeare's Works, 9 vols. 16s
81. The Fair Circassian, a Dramatic Performance, with cuts, by Dr. Croxall, 1s
82. Philips's Splendid Shilling, 1s. or all his Poems, with cuts, 2s 6d bound

BOOKS *printed for* T. LOWNDES.

83. Barrow's Naval History, with 22 maps, naval engagements, heads, &c. 4 vols. 12s  
84. Johnson's Compleat Letter-Writer, 2s  
85. Mrs. Centlivre's Plays, 3 vols. 10s 6d  
86. Cibber's Plays, 5 vols. 15s  
87. The Unfashionable Wife, 2 vols. 6s  
88. Browne's Roman History, for Schools, 2s  
89. Martin's Gazetteer, with seven Maps, 3s 6d  
90. The English Theatre: Containing Twenty Comedies and Twenty Tragedies, 8 vols. 12mo. 11 4s  
91. Genuine Memoirs of Maria, 2 vols. 6s  
92. Adventures of Frank Clive, 2 vols. 6s  
93. Hatton's Comes Commercii, 2s  
94. The Novelist, with Cuts, 2 vols. 6s  
95. Pomfret's Poems, 1s 6d  
96. The Wanderer; or Memoirs of Charles Searle, Esq; 2 vols. 6s  
97. Dr. Priestly's English Grammar, 1s 6d  
98. Dr. Priestly's large English Grammar, 3s  
99. The Fair Philosopher, 2 vols. 6s  
100. Cleland's Surprises of Love, in four Novels, 3s  
101. Roderick Random, 2 vols. 6s  
102. Gordon's Young Man's Companion, 2s 6d  
103. Mather's Young Man's Companion, 2s  
104. History of Sir Charles Beaufort, 2 vols. 6s



al

ty  
o.

le,

ls,

24